

WEEKLY

OCTOBER 18, 1954

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED



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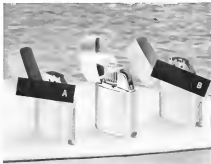
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RONSON "WINDLITE" LIGHTER CONTINUES TO BURN AFTER TWO OTHER LEADING OUTDOOR LIGHTERS HAVE BLOWN OUT.

RONSON 'WINDLITE' STAYS LIT ON BOW OF SPEEDBOAT



LAKE HOPATCONG, NEW JERSEY, AUGUST 13, 1964. Three leading outdoor lighters were tested side by side on the bow of a speedboat. As the boat started up and rapidly gained speed, first lighter "A", then lighter "B" flickered and died. Final tabulation of two upwind and two downwind runs showed the Ronson "Windlite" able to withstand wind velocities approximately 20% greater than "A" and 15% greater than "B". (NOTE: Lighters "A" and "B" have been masked to conceal their identity.)



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

THERE are people who can play winning chess blindfold; some of the best trout are taken in blackest nighttime; and I read recently that Ty Cobb knew the habits of certain batteries so well that he could correctly call a sequence of pitches while facing the rear wall of a dugout.

But, in general, sports are to look at.

The word ILLUSTRATED, therefore, is a very important half of the title of this magazine. And the men who carry much of



RICHARD WOLTERS



NORTON WOOD

the responsibility for translating that word into the actual content of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are Associate Editors Richard Wolters, who heads up the Picture Department, and Norton Wood, who is in charge of color production. SI facilities offer Wolters and Wood octopuslike opportunities for bringing in the pictures.

First, there are our staff photographers, who take on a succession of special assignments. (*Spectacle*, this week, for instance, is Hy Peskin's breathtaking study in blue of the glories of surf-riding at Hawaii.)

Then, our Picture Editors can tap the resources not only of the enormous TIME, INC. collection of pictures but also of the 28 TIME, INC. news bureaus around the world.

And finally, SI's own picture researchers seek and sort out the production of a throng of picture services, free-lance photographers and everybody else with a good sports picture, series or an idea for one. All this adds up to almost 5,000 pictures passing through the Picture Department every week.

Nothing, perhaps, demonstrates more quickly the tremendous range of the world of sports than the pictures which have already appeared in this magazine and some of those now scheduled for future issues. Our cameras have already taken you from mountain climbing on K2 to skin diving at Treasure Harbor, Florida, and soon you will be visiting such divergent locales as Kenya, with the two Hunt cousins, who just about invented the safari business; Norway, with some of the world's best salmon and some Norwegian blue bloods who like to kill them; the Atlas Mountains, for skiing on the edge of the Sahara; the high lakes of the Chilean and Peruvian Andes, for fishing; and India for, among other things, a tiger hunt. To say nothing of weekly pictorial excursions to the more familiar places and events which make the constantly revolving setting for the stage of sports; and in our gallery of photos, *The Wonderful World of Sport*.

Harry Phillips

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JIMMY JEMAIL

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Question: Is football today too much of a coach's game?

The Answers:



JAMES R. CASTLE
ASBINGTON, PA.
CAPTAIN
PENN FOOTBALL TEAM

"It was in the days when we had the two-platoon system. I like it better now under the new rules. The coach can't alternate

the guards anymore any time he wants to call the plays from the bench. When the whistle blows, the game is ours. And we have a lot more fun playing it."



H. VAN SURDAM
LAKE PLACID, N.Y.
PRESIDENT
TOUCHDOWN CLUB

"No. The coach mauls the game, but the players have to run, block, punt, etc. Basically, it's still their game. But a word of caution. The public is beginning to think that the better the football team, the lower the scholastic standing of a university. Look at Harvard's recent record."



DR. H. M. WRISTON
PROVIDENCE, R.I.
PRESIDENT
BROWN UNIVERSITY

"No. In my day, coaches signaled plays from the bench. Today, their signals are merely more obvious.

A game requires some judgment by the quarterback. The coach can call some key plays, but he can't call them all. Furthermore, coaching ethics are better, with the accent on sportsmanship."



DR. LEWIS W. JONES
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J.
PRESIDENT
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

"Yes. I would like to see more spontaneity on the gridiron. Why shouldn't universities experiment with coaching? Coaches might be

instructed to sit in the grandstands and watch the games. That would be a challenge and could be a test of their influence and ability."



DR. J. H. HOLLAND
DOVER, DEL.
PRESIDENT
DELAWARE STATE

"No. The growth in intercollegiate football has resulted in a much more complex game. Increased professional coaching is needed for successful competition. I don't believe that the coaches have taken the game away from the players. Even the best coach can't win with poor material."



GEORGE VERGARA
NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.
FORMER END
NOTRE DAME

"Yes. Overemphasis has made it a coach's game. There are great rivalries among coaches like Erdelatz and Blaik, Caldwell and

Los Little. The coach knows he must produce. If he doesn't he may be fired. Players are little more than automatons with the coaches pulling the strings."



JACK HARDING
CORAL GABLES, FLA.
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR
UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI

"From a player's viewpoint, yes, but from an all-round athletic picture, no. The public pays \$4 a seat to see good football. You

can't give the generosity of a team to an 18-year-old quarterback. You might lose half your audience and the 'gate' that does so much to support college sports."



JIM DAVIS
NEW YORK
INSURANCE
UNDERWRITER

"Yes. Pennsylvania's freshman team of five years ago was called 'Stassen's Assassins.' And there's the gag about the high school kid, in football togs, leaving Franklin Field with bloody head. 'What's happening inside?' he was asked. 'Oh, they're holding the tryouts for the Penn scholarships.'"



JERRY BARGER
SALISBURY, N.C.
CAPTAIN, DUKE
FOOTBALL TEAM

"I used to think so, but now, with the one-plateau system, I have much more latitude as the quarterback. I'd say it's as much of a player's game. We've got to have coaching and some direction. A team wouldn't get far today without a good coaching staff to tell us what to do."



HAM FISH
WASHINGTON, D.C.
FOOTBALL CAPTAIN
HARVARD 1909

"Definitely. We had volunteer, unpaid coaches. The game belonged to the players and the captain was in full charge. When Brown led Yale 21-0 in 1910, the players were desperate. Fred Daly, their captain, fired the coach, Ted Coy, the best fullback Yale ever had. Today, the coach is king."



JOHN MCEWAN
NEW YORK CITY
FOOTBALL CAPTAIN
WEST POINT 1916

"Yes, with two-plateau football. Each plateau goes in with instructions from the coach. Cleveland's Paul Brown calls every offensive play, even with Otto Graham at quarterback. The same was happening in the college two-plateau system. Going back to one-plateau football will help correct it."



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PAT ON THE BACK

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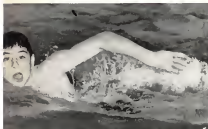


JOANNE BRUNI, 14, of Laredo, Texas, won six area women's golf titles a year ago to confound golf experts. This summer, pretty, petite Joanne has been consistently up near the top in tougher state-wide competition. A high school sophomore, she dotes on chocolate sundae, Rock Hudson, Jodi James and her white Buick convertible.



STANLEY MATTHEWS, a veteran of 22 years in English professional football at 39, is a national sports hero at an age when most soccer players have retired to easy chairs. He has been picked to play for England in international matches 69 times, more than any other man, and set up both goals in a recent 2-0 victory over Ireland.

JOHN HUNTER, 38, of Clearwater, Fla., considers the 1954 softball season only a fair one for him. All he did was pitch the Clearwater Bombers to the world softball title, compiling a 27-1 won-lost record and allowing only one earned run while striking out 448 batters in 214 innings over the regular season. Johnny, a salesman, says his best season was 1950, when he won 43, lost three.



DAVID SCHARACKER of Erie, Pa. is only 12 but colleges are already bidding for his swimming services. Dave has been winning swimming medals for four years, has broken the listed National AAU freestyle and backstroke records for his age group, and has never had a formal lesson. His biggest disappointment is that he isn't allowed to eat mashed potatoes while in training. His ambition is to be a swimming coach.

DON MEYER, right, with runner-up Roy Norton at Long Beach, Calif., is the national fly-casting champion at 17. He took up competitive casting only 18 months ago. Entering his first adult event this summer, the Burbank, Calif. high school senior became the first caster in tournament history to register a perfect score of 100 in both the wet- and dry-fly events.



TEAL TALE!



ONCE there was a flock of green-winged teal sitting around on a marsh pond. "Kids," said the oldest and wisest duck, "I got some advice for you. *Beware of Nash automobiles!*"

"Why?" said the other ducks.

"Because," said the leader, "when you see a Nash parked near a blind, you can figure the hunter is a pretty smart cookie, and a better-than-average wingshot."

"I don't get it," said a young duck.

"It's simple," said the sage. "It's a lot easier for a Nash owner to go gunning. He can drive long distances

without getting all tuckered out, because the Nash handles so easily and rides so smoothly. He can afford to go gunning oftener, because the Nash is so economical. With the Weather Eye heating and ventilating system he doesn't mind driving in sub-zero weather, because inside the car it's always like summer. So he gets a lot of chance to sharpen up his shooting eye."

"I hear them Nashes even got Twin Beds," said another duck.

"That's right," said another duck. "Not to mention Airliner Reclining Seats, and good road clearance,

and a huge luggage compartment!"

While the ducks were all gabbling at once about the many special-for-sportsmen features of Nash cars, and making so much racket they couldn't hear anything, a farmer with an old beat-up pump gun snuck up on them and killed his limit before they could fly out of range.

After picking up the ducks he walked back to his buckboard, said "Giddap!" to his team, and drove home.

MORAL: *Well, horses have pretty good road clearance, too.*

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SPORTS
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COVER: Great racing isn't always on the flat

Photograph by HY PESKIN

Steeplechase racing in America has never sent the track's patrons flocking to the pari-mutuel windows. The sport, however, has a natural beauty and a thrilling breakneck quality known to few other outdoor spectacles. SI's Hy Peskin recently caught two strong jumpers literally giving Belmont Park patrons a run and a jump—for their money.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE RUSSIAN
"AMATEURS"

An eye-opening report by Don Canham. Michigan track coach, with four pages IN COLOR of Soviet athletes in action

THE DIRT-TRACK
RACERS

A report on next Sunday's AAA meet at Sacramento, plus a short close-up of Champion Jim Ryan and a review of the season

PHEASANTS AND FOXES

EDMUND GILLIAM offers a provocative report on their war in North Dakota

Three cameramen—PETER BARRITT, JOE CORDELL, ROBERT KRAGLE—photograph a pheasant shoot IN COLOR

HARRY BORSBOM tells the secrets of cooking upland birds

REGINALD WELLS and TONY FRISWELL go, cub hunting with the Cheshire Foxhounds

PLUS: A DEFINITIVE ARTICLE ON BOWLING BY VICTOR KALMAN



A KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO

New York crowds have been jostling into Madison Square Garden night after night this month to have their spines chilled at biggest and most important of U.S. rodeos. This fall, as always, the best of Western cowboys have come East—for tough animals and tougher men nothing tops the big-town roundup

by PAUL O'NEIL

NEW YORK

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN is a long haul from the Powder River but night after night last week New Yorkers jammed in—to see Manhattan's version of that Western phenomenon, the rodeo. As the Broadway bookies say, "It figured." There is something genuinely chilling—something just a little like watching a suicide balancing on a 20th story ledge—in the sight of a man carefully lowering himself down inside a rodeo chute to the back of an imprisoned contest bronco. For kinetic violence few works of man or nature quite compare with a lunging, hammer-hoofed outlaw horse, plainly heard but only half seen through the slots of a narrow creaking wooden pen. And the eye is confounded when the gate opens, when brone and rider lurch wildly into view.

Most rodeo brones are tractable enough outside the arena; they can be fed, watered, shipped in trailers and railway cars, and even exercised. A great many of them perform their bucking acts for years and develop a trouper's ear for applause. But each and every one is an equine psychiatric case for all that—because of improper breaking, an accident or a deep-buried mental quirk, none can tolerate the weight of a man on its back without indulging in twisting paroxysms of remonstrance.

Some have achieved deathless fame for violence and ingenuity—Midnight, Five-Minutes-to-Midnight and the famed Steamboat (a brone which not only leaped like a cat but whistled

through a broken nose like a Mississippi stern-wheeler) are all long gone but their memories linger in the West. Yet even the most unsung of rodeo buckers is capable of ruining a man, of crushing him against the walls of the chute or kicking his brains out in the open arena. A quiet, chesty little cowboy named Deibert Earl (Deb) Copenhaver—the rider to watch at the Garden this year—learned this hard fact with painful suddenness one afternoon at the desert town of Chelan, Wash.

Copenhaver, a bush-league buckaroo of 21, drew a big horse named Bay Beggar at Chelan's annual little rodeo and climbed aboard him in the chute resolved to "win the day money" or take a trip to the moon trying. Five jumps and two and a half seconds later he was as close to a morgue slab as a man can get and miss—Bay Beggar whirled, dived, pitched him out of the saddle like a sack of wheat, and kicked him in the face on the way down. Copenhaver's right foot jammed in the stirrup and Bay Beggar, still bucking wildly, dragged him 50 yards across the rough dirt field while the crowd gasped and pickup men spurred to the rescue.

Copenhaver broke free only because his right boot finally pulled off. He picked himself up groggily and walked back toward the chutes with his face streaming blood. "Deb," said an old-time cowhand named Tim Bernard, "if they don't kill you, you'll make a tough brone rider in a couple more years." That was in the summer of

DEB COPENHAVER (right), leading brone rider, with cowboy Tommy Tescher.



BARBACK RIDER Jim Madland, of Portland, Oe., comes out on Kokomo Joe, trying desperately (but unsuccessfully) to spur shoulder high with both feet.



A SAREBACH RIDER HOLDS ON WITH ONE HAND IF HE CAN: THE VETERAN CASEY TIERS PARTS COMPANY WITH A BRONC NAMED KING

1946, Copenhaver still bears the mark of Bay Beggar's hoof upon his cheek. "An old squaw I know called me over," he remembers, "and washed the cut out with some damned dirty lukewarm water—I shouldn't have let her do it, but I'd known her so long I couldn't very well say no. It got infected and took a long time to heal up." But Deb Copenhaver is still alive and last week, by official scoring, he was the toughest saddle bronc rider in the U.S.—with 16,817 points (a point for every dollar won) he was leading all competitors for the world championship.

As a result, like virtually every other top hand in the business, he is competing this week in New York. It is a show which is naturally lacking in dusty Western atmosphere—Garden audiences run heavily to fond parents and their children, and this year's 17-day show features Roy Rogers, cowboy singers and female trick riders as well as genuine competitors. But it is, nevertheless, the biggest, most fiercely contested and most important rodeo in the U.S.

THE GARDEN PAYS BEST

For this fall's contest, Stock Contractor Everett Colborn of Dublin, Texas transported almost a half million dollars worth of animals (among them 200 backing horses) to New York on a special train. The Garden offered \$97,600 in prize money, easily tops in the circuit. Performance in New York this year, as always, will go a long way toward deciding the annual world championships in Brahma bull riding, calf roping, bulldogging and in bareback as well as saddle bronc riding.

The process by which Bronc Buster Deb Copenhaver was projected into this roundup on Eighth Avenue was long and incredibly arduous. Like most rodeo professionals, he accepts hardships, injuries and financial risks which would make most athletes blanch—he must pay his own expenses, travel under his own steam and dig up entry fees at every rodeo; he gets not a cent if he is thrown or finishes out of the money. And like most rodeo riders, he began early. He grew up in the Big Bend country near Wilbur, Wash., entered his first rodeo as a gristly, 110-pound kid of 15 and went on tangling grimly with bucking horses until he entered the Navy as a Seabee in World War II.

THE DANGEROUS LIFE

He hit the rodeo circuits in dead earnest as soon as he got out of the service. It was a dangerous and bruising life. In their quest for winning rides, good modern rodeo cowboys achieve effects such as were never attempted in the days of the Chisholm Trail. According to today's rodeo rules, a saddle bronc rider must spur his mount on both shoulders during the beast's first jump, thus abandoning, at the outset, any hope of gripping the animal with his legs. And if he rides to win he must spur continuously thereafter, from neck to flanks and back again.

A good "two-footed" rider (and there are probably fewer than 15 men who are complete masters of the art) steadies himself on a plunging, twisting horse only through his grip on the single rein, through the pressure of his spurs on the animal's side and through

erratic contact with the swell and cantle of the saddle. The key to all this, of course, is balance—a delicate and vastly reckless talent for staying in perfect rhythm with the most violent brute for the 10 long seconds which comprise a rodeo ride. Since his score depends in part on the horse's performance, a bronc buster must pray for violent mounts. And although staying on the horse's back is elementary (if difficult) he must memorize the bucking patterns and the special tricks of hundreds of rodeo bronses.

Deb Copenhaver rode to win from the outset. "That man," says J. D. McKenna, a top rider himself, "doesn't ride any horse safe." In 1951 he was beaten in total prizes only by the fabulous Casey Tibbs, a handsome, black-haired, hard-drinking, Cadillac-loving Beau Geste of the rodeo circuits. He was a runner-up again in 1952 and 1953. This January Deb set off for Denver (which annually holds the first rodeo of the season) resolved to make 1954 Deb Copenhaver's year.

Many a cowboy rides the circuit just to savor the thrills, the quick money, the girls, the new towns, the gambling, the danger which the life provides. Copenhaver, a hard-faced, sober, pleasant little man rides to quit—to pay off on his 1,500-acre Idaho cattle ranch and get back to his wife and two children for good.

TAKE A JACKKNIFE

Between January and October he set a startling pace. He traveled 40,000 miles by automobile, 20,000 miles by plane, rode in 70 rodeos. At Unifon, Ore. a horse named Reckless Red slipped,



A WILD BULL RIDER TRIES TO STICK 10 SECONDS ON A BRAHMA'S PITCHING SPINE: BUT 10 SECONDS IS A LONG, LONG TIME

fell, rolled completely over on him and then "tromped" him. He rode the same beast again 20 minutes later and won. He won at Salinas, Cheyenne, Phoenix and Fort Worth.

In three incredible days he rode a horse at Guymon, Okla. (where he won \$131), drove with three other riders 1,500 miles to Saugus, Calif. (where he won \$449) and drove 1,600 miles to Vernon, Tex. (where he won \$38). He got ahead of Tibbs and stayed ahead. But at Payallup, Wash. a few days before the "big one" at the Garden, his left leg caught between his mount and a pickup horse. His knee was so badly twisted that in a few hours he could not stand; in desperation he went

to a doctor, who put a cast on his leg and told him to rest for three weeks.

"Well, I cut the cast off with my jackknife as soon as I got home," he says. "I never should have let him put it on—just did it because he seemed so anxious. It made my leg real stiff." He arrived in New York just able to hobble. "I don't see how I can ride," he muttered. But ride he did, twisted the knee again and finished out of the money. He consulted a Japanese physician, who injected it with hydrocortone—and made it feel even worse. For five days, despondent and tight-lipped, he tramped the streets in his high-heeled boots "to keep my leg loosened up" and went to three movies

a day to pass the time. Tibbs, meanwhile, by flying between New York and rodeos in Omaha and Chicago, passed him, unofficially, in points.

But suddenly last week—apparently by virtue of natural toughness more than medication—his torn knee improved. He drew a black horse named Onyx, kicked him out of the chute and rode him high, wide and handsome while the band played and the thousands in the Garden galleries murmured and applauded. He was judged second. "I'll make it yet," he said. "I'm going to Chicago tonight, then back here, then Boston, then Detroit, then the Cow Palace in San Francisco. All I need is plenty of tough horses."

A BULLDOGGER DIVES OUT OF THE SADDLE AND WRESTLES A RUNNING STEER: FLYING BILLY FEDDERSON SHOWS HOW IT'S DONE



SOUNDTRACK

Decibels

Across the land, small-town bands A-tooled baseball's annual recession; Dusty Rhodes (see page 21) and fellow heroes were homeward bound. The sound had scarcely died away before there was fresh bugling:

- The new college football season produced more big crowds: 76,204 fans saw the nation's No. 1 team, Oklahoma, beat Texas 14-7 and 69,607 turned out to see Michigan hand Iowa its first defeat, 14-13.

- The hockey season promptly got underway for its long, six-month grind, with the Detroit Red Wings beating Toronto, 2-1. It looked like a flying start in Detroit's bid for a seventh straight National Hockey League title (see page 60).

- Cheers went up in racing for 80-year-old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, dean of trainers. Sunny Jim realized a lifetime ambition when the Fitzsimmons-trained Nashua, Eddie Arcaro up, won the 63th running of the Belmont Futurity (see page 26).

- History was made in trotting as Scott Frost became the first two-year-old in the history of trot and pace gaited horses to turn in a two-minute mile in a scheduled race.

- Two fathers, an ocean apart, took steps to see that their young sons got off to proper starts. In London, the Duke of Edinburgh, who has been giving boxing lessons to Prince Charles, decided that the boy (six next month) is ready for a sparring partner closer to his weight division. Selected to trade punches with the Prince: Stephen Rutter, a 45-pounder of the same age, son of a U.S. Embassy official.

At the same time, a surf eater named Wallace Pinkham, registered as a contestant in the Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Striped Bass Derby, decided to take his 12-year-old son, Wallace Jr., out with him and "teach him how to catch a bass." The boy, paying close attention, watched his father cast and promptly reel in a 55-pound, 9-ounce striped, largest in derby history.

Snavely in paradise

A lot of people in the big time go around protesting that they hate it all and would really prefer the peace and quiet of the small time. Very few of them ever get around to making the break and those who do sometimes discover that they miss the rat race they

HOW DOES IT WITH SNAVELY?

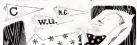
SUPERSTITIONS—STOCK CAR DEPT.

FAILURE OF A SOCCER MISSION

have left behind. Last week seemed a proper time to check up on a big timer who went small time and has stuck with it. This would be Carl Snavely, for a quarter of a century the feared and respected "Grey Fox" of the big-time college gridrons, now in his second season of conducting low-pressure football exercises at Washington University in St. Louis. How goes it with Snavely? Well, by his own telling of the tale, the Fox has found himself a sort of small-time paradise.

"I sleep nights!" exclaimed the former coach of Cornell and North Carolina, the onetime mentor of the immortal "Choo Choo" Justice. "Even the night before a game, I get in my nine hours. I have time for my family. I even get in a little golf. And I don't have the fear of impending catastrophe that was always with me before. It's wonderful."

Standing on the sidelines of Francis Field, the modest 10,000-seat stadium on the university campus, Coach Snavely looked like a man who was getting his proper rest. His deep-set blue eyes were clear and untroubled. Lean and muscular, he looked closer to 40 than to his actual 60 years.



"I had reached the point at North Carolina," Snavely ran on, "where I wasn't having any fun. And when football isn't fun any more, a coach ought to make a change or get out of the game entirely."

(The fun at North Carolina had been seriously diminished by three losing seasons in a row, and North Carolina officials and alumni had taken small comfort from the over-all Snavely record of putting two teams in the Sugar Bowl and another in the Cotton Bowl over a period of four seasons.)

"Fun," said Carl Snavely, waving a hand in the direction of 60 members of his squad out on the field, "fun is what those boys out there are after. They're not out there now because they have to be. Not one of them is getting a scholarship, a job or a special privilege of any kind. They're here at Washington to get an education and football is just what it should be everywhere—a game."

An eager undergraduate came running up and tugged at Snavely's sleeve.

"Coach," he said breathlessly, "there's a fellow in my dormitory who stands about six feet five and weighs 250 at least. I told him he ought to come out for the team."

"Fine, fine," smiled the Fox, showing his teeth, "tell him to come out by all means. We can use a big boy like that."

(This was the same Carl Snavely who did a daily dawn-to-midnight trick during the football season at North Carolina, then set out after the final game to beat the countryside for playing talent and scholarship money.)

"At North Carolina," said the new Snavely mildly, turning to his interviewer, "the emphasis on winning was out of all proportion. Here at Washington we have a game to think about every week, but there isn't that desperate demand for victory."

(In a blistering farewell to the big time, Snavely told members of the American Football Coaches Association in January, 1953: "The coach must win his share of games. And what is his share? Obviously, it should be 50% because where there is a winner there has to be a loser. But for the football coach the law of mathematics surrenders to strange computations. Fifty per cent is not enough.")

Even if there were a strong appetite for winning football among the Washington University alumni, Snavely would have no serious worries at present. He won seven out of nine games last season and beat the Missouri School of Mines (58-14) and Illinois Wesleyan (52-7) for a flying start this year. (Washington took a 27-0 beating from Wayne University last Saturday—possibly just to prove winning isn't everything.) And if you have never heard of these schools, then you stand convicted of never having heard of Rolla, Mo., which happens to be where the Missouri School of Mines has de-emphasized football almost to the vanishing point.

These are the kind of teams Snavely now has on his schedule, making it not too difficult to see why he sleeps at night. But don't jump to the conclusion that the Washington University Bears aren't getting the full Snavely treatment. He still uses motion pictures to point out the team's mistakes just as he did at Cornell and North Carolina, and he gets a little tough as he drills his squad in the single wingback offense which he still prefers.

"Dumbest team I ever saw!" he belittled from the side lines during ascrimage snafu the other day.

"Actually," he explained hastily to a bystander, "this is probably the smartest team I ever coached. I shouldn't bowl them out—after all, they're out there playing for fun."

The officials of Washington University are delighted both with their low-pressure football (Washington once had big-time ambitions of its own) and with Carl Snavely.

"Our program was ridiculed in some quarters," says Chancellor Ethan A. J. Shepley, "but it now has earned the respect of people generally. I think the trend is in our direction. As for Coach Snavely, he has told me that his experience at Washington has been a joy to him."

Only one question remains. What does the coach of a team like the Missouri School of Mines have to say after seeing his boys take a 58-14 drubbing from Snavely's low-pressure team? Probably went back home to Rolla, Mo. and told his wife: "Lord, what a rat race up there in St. Looney! Give me the small time!"

Purists, Beware!

PERFECT defensive football, to the purist, is perfect football. But to a vast football audience, made up in large part of the same fans who cannot stand a pitcher's duel in baseball, nothing could be less exciting.

Last week in Dover, Ohio the nonpurists had their day—or, rather, their minute. The score after three quarters of tight defensive play was Dover High 7, Zanesville 0. Then the dam broke. On the first play of the final quarter a Zanesville back named Donis Toler ran 38 yards for a touchdown. Zanesville converted to tie the score 7-7, then kicked off to Dover. Not to be outdone by Toler, Dover's Bud Mears took the kick on his own 20 and ran 80 yards for a touchdown. Dover converted to lead 14-7, then kicked off to Zanesville. This time Zanesville's Doug Palmer got the ball on his own 10 and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. Total time lapse from the first dash to the last in the running backs' duel: 58 seconds.

Just for the sake of winning, and, possibly, to please the nonpurists, Zanesville picked up another touchdown before game's end to wrap it up 20-14.

Oil and troubled waters

AT THE MOUTH of the Housatonic River, between Connecticut's fine old English-named towns of Milford and Stratford, lie salt-water marshes. Two thousand native ducks live here year round. They are joined in October by several thousand migratory birds which

wing down from Canada. The result: one of the finest duck hunting areas along Long Island Sound.

But the shooting in the Housatonic marshes this year will be terrible. Twelve miles to the east lies New Haven harbor. On a warm humid day there two weeks ago the watchman supervising the loading of bunker oil aboard the Perth Amboy Barge No. 1 succumbed to the drowsy numbness and fell asleep. The oil continued to pump relentlessly into the three compartments of the barge. The Perth Amboy No. 1 drank up all it could hold and then the thick black oil began to pour over the side. One thousand barrels, or 50,000 gallons, slipped into the harbor before the error was discovered. Tides and currents swept the oil slick down-harbor and to the west. Like a finger-painter the spreading oil left a running black smear along the beaches at Milford and West Haven.

The remorseless flow of the waters brought the oil to a point off the Housatonic's mouth. The black and broadbill ducks sallied forth from the marshes to feed in the open water offshore. They found themselves bathing in gummy oil. It coated their feathers, stopping the flow of the ducks' own natural oils. It prevented them from preening themselves; water soaked into the feathers, making the ducks heavier. They sat lower in the water, had great trouble flying and diving for food. Hundreds died of starvation. Eye infections blinded others.

Attempts here and there to clean the ducks with kerosene killed the patients. Having already molted and sprouted winter plumage, they will not be able to shed their oil-soaked feathers—those that survive—until next spring.

Stephen Pachl, president of the New Haven Sportsmen's Club, and W. B. Woodring, chairman of the Oil Pollution Committee of the New Haven Sportsman's League, have registered strong protest. They will ask the Army Engineers (who are responsible on the federal level for bringing a complaint) and the U.S. Attorney for Connecticut to prosecute.

The Housatonic marshes case is the



HOUSATONIC WILD DUCK, 3564 STYLE

worst in years for the area, although tankers have long been a minor nuisance, pumping bilge oil offshore where tides carry it in the slick. Despairing conservationists see little hope of curbing oil pollution in the future. The current laws leave gaping loopholes for careless or wanton evasion.

Meanwhile, ducks will continue to die in oily shrouds and hunters will be left holding a skimpy bag.

Mousetrap play

BRITISH sportswriters screamed last week that England had been had again by the Russians and they weren't referring to anything Clement Attlee has done lately. The occasion was the drooping back from Moscow of London's Arsenal, once the wonder-team of soccer. The Moscow Dynamos whipped the Arsenal 5-0 and the derisive, jeering whistles of Soviet fans have not yet died down in British ears.

It began with a cordial invitation from the Russians that the Arsenal team might like spending a day or so in Moscow for purposes of enjoying football and maybe a fish dinner. The Arsenal said they would be delighted. The Russians said how about picking the Russian team later because, after all, the Soviets would want time to be sure they were providing adequate opposition. The Arsenal said of course, happy to meet any of your boys.

For days before their arrival at Dynamo Stadium the Arsenal were touted to the Russian people as England's finest. Only two years ago they were that indeed but, what with age and a dully satisfied management which has taken on no young recruits, the team is not what it once was. Its present rank is 15th in the 22-team First Division of the English League. The Dynamos are leaders of the Russian First Division. Once past the Iron Curtain, though, the Arsenal were presented as the best of the world of darkness and capitalism could offer, according to Radio Moscow's view of sport.

The game was a rout of the British. Toward the end of it the Russian spectators were either walking out on the fiasco or whistling—Soviet equivalent of the Bronx cheer. When the Dynamos made their last two goals, the Russian fans did not deign to cheer but roared with laughter because the points had been scored so easily. And as the dejected Arsenal trailed wearily off the field their hosts bade them farewell with catcalls and cries of "Clowns!" and "Comedians!"

One or two Russian sportsmen made more appropriate comment. Mikhail Semichastny, who was captain of the Dynamo team which in 1945 played and beat England's Chelsea 5-4, summed it up: "This Arsenal is not the great Arsenal which I knew. They do not have the bold ideas which I re-

member when we played them. It was surprising to me that so many of them are not young men."

Back in London, the Arsenal players read accounts of British disgust, including headlines like the *Daily Herald's* "RETREAT FROM MOS-COW." The *Express* offered a pithy report. "[The Russians] are not easily amused but before the battered Arsenal had crawled out of the floodlit Dynamo Stadium tonight 75,000 Russians were laughing like kids at a pantomime. The Arsenal had come here with all the hallyhoo of a favorite circus coming to town . . . And then it was five goals to nil and the crowd was tossing peaked caps and laughing fit to bust. . . ."

Also fit to bust were Englishmen who have seen their prestige in soccer, a game they originated and saw grow to a world-loved sport they dominated, spilled over with red dust. It is poor consolation to them that their teams are held to be the best-behaved. They would like a few goals, too.

Peanuts and Premonitions

A STOCK CAR race driver puts up with a lot. He is away from home most of the time, often running a couple of meals, a shave and a night's sleep behind schedule, driving up to 2,000 miles a week from track to track. He'll blatantly tinker a carburetor to perfection all one night, then lose out because of a faulty transmission. If everything holds together and he finishes in the top money, his car is torn apart by officials to see if he cheated. A winner no sooner has a \$1,000 check in his hand and, zip, it's gone—a big slice of it for his pit crew and another slice and another and another for repair bills along his trail of broken parts. A top man can win \$30,000 a year and take home less than \$10,000. And, speaking of trouble, back home there's the wife nagging him to settle down to something with a future—or at least something with an old age. On top of all this, of course, in one skidding, screeching, dusty, hot race he may collide with his best friend and go flying through the fence upside down.

What makes a man go in for such things? Show love of the sport, the stock car drivers insist. In the six years since the National Association for Stock Car Auto Racing started a national championship program for modern stock cars, more and more good drivers have joined the scramble. When it ends on the 31st of this month, the 1954 Grand National championship will have been the biggest yet: a record \$220,550 in prizes given to a record 340 drivers in 33 national championship races.

Many stock drivers have come from older types of racing and have brought with them fine old superstitions whose

origins fade into the dust-obscured past. Here—give or take a little for individual differences—are the four things most drivers consider unlucky: 1) peanuts, 2) the color green, 3) the number 13 and 4) women relatives.

A man who doesn't race can say bosh to all this. Cars have been scratched from races because peanuts were spilled in or around them, but, getting right down to it, even the staunchest peanut-phobes are stumped for proof of a peanut working its evil. It is not hard, however, for drivers to justify their other superstitions. Last year Red Fowler was killed in a green No. 13. Several years earlier, Fony Flock announced he was out to break the jinx, put on a green racing suit and crashed into a green car. As for women relatives, what more proof than Johnny Conannon's mother? A wheel from son Johnny's big racing car flew into the stands at Langhorne, Pa., and singled Mrs. Conannon out of a crowd of 10,000. Just three weeks ago at Langhorne in a 250-mile stock car race the jinxes were still proving themselves. On the 13th lap Al Neal's car flipped and caught fire. Then after 13 drivers had climbed from wrecks unhurt, novice Harvey Eakin blew a front tire, turned over three times, ploughed through the fence and landed unconscious in a bog 100 feet beyond. And who won? Herb Thomas, the beak-nosed 1953 defending champion who avoids 13 at all times, properly shuns green around the track and whose wife doesn't allow him peanut butter even back home in Sanford, N.C.



There is sign of a new unsuperstitious order coming onto the tracks. Piling up points steadily through the year, winning third place at LeHi, Ark. last week, another North Carolinian, 40-year-old Lee Petty, was comfortably ahead of the field and almost a shoo-in to take the national title away from defender Herb Thomas.

Petty's disregard for superstitions is out-and-out heresy. He'd as soon eat peanuts or wear green on race day as any other—in fact, he once drove a green car. One concludes from his career that the heretic who can walk away from his first dozen bashed cars has it made. "I never took stock in superstitions," Petty claims. "First race I was in I turned over. In 1949 I turned over four times in five races and won the other one. Then in 1950 turned over twice, won three races. Next year I turned over again—brand new Plymouth. I was getting my bellyful of wrecks, lost \$5,000 more than I won in three years. Don't know why I stayed at it; looks like racing got in

my blood. Turned over again in 1952—drove right through a bungle of 17 cars, was right clear when one car backs up, hooks me and over I go. Then last year I didn't turn over, won five grand national races. I don't go for these superstitions, but I do go for premonitions. I got a premonition right now about Herb Thomas. He's a tough one chasing me, but I got a premonition he won't catch me."

Avoidupois averred

IT USED to be that the least likely I way to settle a bet about a football player's weight was to look it up in the program, but now, in the Big Ten at least, all that has been changed. Big Ten program listings this fall are certified pure and accurate.

In the past a coach who wanted to confuse the enemy scouts could indulge in a little loose weight-guessing and issue a program listing that would never win the approval of a Bureau of Weights and Measures.

Last May a seven-man committee of the Big Ten met at Purdue and laid down an honest weight policy which went into effect this season.

"It was getting to be a joke," one of them explained. "Up in the press box someone would say so-and-so weighs 210, program weight." Even the spectators were beginning to snicker. And the system was no longer fooling scouts.

So when members of the University of Wisconsin football team were weighed recently the scales were checked before and after by the Madison city sealer. What's more, a certified public accountant read off the figures.

It turned out that most of the returning players weighed more than the official weights listed for them a year ago and, while they might be regarded as healthy, growing boys, the discrepancies in some cases were extraordinary. Tackle Robert Kanovsky was listed last year at 200 even, this year at 237. Tackle Martin Booher was found to weigh 245, as against last year's 215. Guard Norman Amundsen weighed in at 222, though listed last year at 195. And so it went.

Alan Ameche, Wisconsin's famous fullback, appears to have a poundage which fluctuates enough to confuse any scout, program or no program. As the C.P.A. called it off this time he weighed 210, was listed last year at 205 but actually started last season at 220 and ended it at 214. This spring he reported at 230 and required new shoulder pads. He got down to 220 during spring training. When practice began this fall he reported at 208, after six weeks at the Reserve Officers Training Corps camp in Texas, where spaghetti is not often on the menu. Then he moved up to 210 for the official weigh-in. Alan says he is now on a diet, eating only one spaghetti meal a day, instead of his usual two.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY FESKIN

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SPECTACLE

WAIKIKI'S WATER

Next week is Aloha Week in Hawaii, time of island festivals and the time when shimmering combers rising over the First Break of Waikiki mean only one thing—surfboarding. Of all the surfing beaches of the world, none offers such tumbling excitement to the surfboarder, such a spectacle of endless and rolling water to the viewer, as those of Hawaii

SURFBOARDER'S RIDE BEGINS AT POINT KNOWN AS "FIRST BREAK," WHERE PACIFIC ROLLERS BEGIN TO CREST INTO COMBERS





SKIMMING BEFORE A 12-FOOT-HIGH COMBER AT 35 TO 40 MILES AN HOUR WHILE WHITE FOAM BREAKS AND SPEWS BEHIND IS



LIKE TOBOGGANING DOWN A MOVING HILL, GUIDING BOARD OBLIQUELY ALONG WAVE, AN EXPERT MAY SPEED HALF A MILE



SOMETIMES BALANCE GIVES WAY AND CHURNING WATER SENDS SURFER HEAD OVER HEELS UNDER HEAVY, DANGEROUS BOARD



HERO'S WELCOME

DUSTY RHODES, hero of the World Series, returned home to Rock Hill, S.C. last week and was greeted with more enthusiasm than the town has seen since the Ashley Dragoons routed 400 Union cavalymen there during the War Between the States. Every high school band and little league ball team in York County joined the two-mile parade that reintroduced Dusty and family (above) to their old friends. When Dusty remarked, "I ain't been fishin' yet," he was hustled out to his old fishing hole (right). Then the whole family was driven down State Street to the ball park where they were loaded down with presents, and there was even some talk among the businessmen of a new baseball stadium to be called "Dusty Rhodes Field." At dusk, when Dusty finally got up to talk, there weren't many dry eyes left. "My friends," he said, "I stayed up all night trying to think of something to say today, but now I can't think of but two words. Thank you."



NEWSREEL CAMERAS turned as Dusty (background) made tentative casts during home-coming celebration.



STEEPLECHASE: Horace Ashenfelter, F.B.I. man, ran away from Russian favorite in 1952 Olympics, scored upset victory that established record, won him gold medal.



BROAD JUMP: Jesse Owens won four gold medals at 1936 Olympics, setting broad-jump record that still stands, winning 100- and 200-meter runs and running anchor leg on record relay team.

ALL-TIME U.S. OLYMPIANS

A PARADE of the greatest stars in America's star-filled Olympic history entered New York's Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for a banquet one night this week. They represented most of the living members of a team, 22-men strong, chosen by 3,700 sportswriters and broadcasters as the United States' all-time Olympic track and field squad.

The roster of names, from the unforgettable Jesse Owens to the nearly forgotten Louis Tewanima, served as a double reminder: 1) the Olympics have

always been a showcase of American prowess, and 2) the 1956 games are drawing close.

With the Soviet Union determined to wrest Olympic domination from America, the U.S. Olympic committee can take no chances on running short of funds. A drive was launched at the banquet to raise \$1,100,000 to send Americans to the 1955 Pan-American games, the 1956 Winter Olympics and to the world-watched summer games at Melbourne.

Fund drives are no problem to many teams that will compete at Melbourne. For Red athletes, the Soviet government grabs all tabs. In other nations, governments supplement private donations. But in the U.S. all the money must come from private sources.

When Oregon's football team meets U.S.C. Saturday, cups will be passed through the stands. All over the country in the coming months sports fans will be asked to contribute. America's Olympic future is in their hands.



100 METERS: Eddie Tolan won Century in 1932, set record that still stands, finished 1st in 200-meter run.



200 METERS: Mel Patton, California collegian, won in London games of 1948, sparked winning relay team.



400 METERS: Bill Carr, of Penn., stunned track world with record mark of 46.2 in Los Angeles games of 1932.



1,500 METERS: Mel Sheppard, died in 1942, won 800, 1,500 in 1908 and finished 2nd in 500 in 1912.



5,000 METERS: Ralph Hill ran great race in 1932, but lost by foot in disputed finish with Fina Lehtinen.



10,000 METERS: Louis Tewamta, Hopi Indian now living on Arizona reservation, won silver medal for 2nd in 1912.



MARATHON: Johnny Hayes won in London, 1908 when front-running Dorando of Italy collapsed upon track.



110-M. HURDLES: Harrison Dillard, now publisher for Cleveland Indians, won 100 m. in '48, hurdles in '52.



400-M. HURDLES: Charley Moore, top quarter-mile, ran the hurdles in 1932, won gold medal, set record.



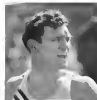
10,000-METER WALK: Joe Pearson was U.S. walk champion at 3 and 7 miles, won silver medal in 1920 Olympics.



50,000-METER WALK: Ernest Crosby won A.A.U. Walk title in 1936, kept walking, was 12th in '48 games.



HIGH JUMP: Walter Davis, played college basketball, set Olympic jump record, later world mark of 6 ft. 11 3/4 in.



POLE VAULT: Bob Richards, minister and all-round track athlete, vaulted 14 ft. 11 1/4 in. for mark in 1932.



DISCUS THROW: Sam Iness surprised in 1952 with toss of 180 ft. 6 1/2 in. for Olympic record and gold medal.



HAMMER THROW: John Flanagan won gold medal in Paris, 1900, St. Louis, '04, London, '08, died in Ireland in '38.



JAVELIN THROW: Cy Young, never National champion, set Olympic record with his winning heave in 1932.



SHOT PUT: Parry O'Brien, first man to put shot 60 ft., set Olympic record of 57 ft. 1 1/2 in. in 1952.



HOP, STEP & JUMP: Myer Prinstein, who won in 1900 and 1904, was only man ever to take this title twice.



500 METERS: Mal Whitfield won in both 1948 and 1952, each time was clocked in the Olympic record time of 1:49.2.



DECATHLON: Bob Mathias was schoolboy when he won in 1948, grew up, set Olympic record in 1952.



DAUNTLESS COED Betty Richert of San Jose State led line of yelling, swirling cheerleaders during football game with the University of California at Berkeley. Girls rushed to the sidelines often to urge their team to hold back the

powerful California running attack. As it turned out, however, Betty and her friends put on a far better performance than the players on the field, who managed to lose the game by the discouraging score of 45-0.



WINNING DRIVER Stirling Moss (seated in car) chatted with runner-up Mike Hawthorn after winning Grand Prix race at Aintree, England. Moss pushed Italian Maserati at 85.43 mph clip to take first place, but auto manufacturers were most impressed by showing of Hawthorn's newly designed Vanderwall Special, British hope for future Grand Prix.



MARCHING FRESHMEN at Smith College in Northampton, Mass. trouped past Paradise Pond on way to Freshman Day rowing



STRAINING WRESTLER Yochibayama (Lucky Leaves Mountain) won sumo match by hefting 386-pound rival Matsunobori (The Rising Pine) out of ring during championships in Tokyo. Foot outside rope automatically disqualified Matsunobori according to

strict sumo code which demands contestants stay entirely within ring during match. Bouts begin with rivals bowing to each other—sometimes for 15 minutes—before simultaneous charges which usually end contest within few seconds.



exhibition. Ceremony was part of welcoming program put on by Smith Athletic Association to help new arrivals pick the sports they will follow during school year.



WINNING JOCKEY Rae Johnstone and mount Sica Boy posed for admirers after finishing first in Arc de Triomphe Stakes, climactic feature of French racing season. Johnstone, veteran rider from Australia, held back Sica Boy during early going, then drove him through fine stretch run to win by one length.

NASHUA: HORSE TO WATCH

His dashing victory in the Belmont Futurity Saturday established his title as best of the two-year-olds

by WHITNEY TOWER

BY 6:30 A.M. last Saturday a small knot of people, some busy, some just curious, had gathered outside of barn No. 17 at New York's Aqueduct race track. From stall No. 1 stepped a striking bay colt. His name, already a household word among the Belair Stud's hustling stable hands, was scrawled with a dull pencil on a dusty piece of paper tacked by the stall's door. It was genuinely believed by the knot of people that the name of Nashua would be more familiar around the world later that afternoon. For Saturday was Futurity Day at nearby Belmont Park, and Nashua, the powerfully built son of Nasrullah, was going in quest of a victory in America's traditional classic for two-year-olds. The Futurity is six and a half furlongs on a straightaway down the Widener chute. In it some of the country's best-loved champions have made their mark. Now Nashua, already winner of five of his seven starts, including the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, the Hopeful, the Anticipation, was set to make his.

As the group moved to the backstretch rail to watch Nashua limber up with a mile gallop, word went around that 80-year-old Trainer Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, a beloved gentleman who has tutored horses in the ways of winning races for over half a century, had just phoned. "I have a little cold coming on," said Mr. Fitz to his son and assistant trainer, Jimmy. "I've done all I can for the colt. I don't think I'll get out today." Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, cold or no cold, was entitled to be a little superstitious, a little nervous—or possibly both—last Saturday. In all of his years of racing Mr. Fitz has won three Kentucky Derbies, five Belmonts, 10 Saratoga Cups, six Wood Memorials and hundreds

FUTURITY'S WINNING COMBINATION

Owner William Woodward had a look of quiet pride as he led Nashua back to the Belmont winner's circle, while Jockey Eddie Arcaro grinned his conviction that here was the year's best two-year-old. Young Woodward, a 34-year-old New York financier and former Navy lieutenant, became master of Belair Stud on the death of his father, Jockey Club president, last year. The new master had one solemn reflection: "People's memories are so short. I hope they remember my father bred this colt."

ONCE MORE—IT'S A SON OF NASRULLAH

by ALBION HUGHES

of other championship tests. But he had never won the Futurity. This day, for the 65th running, he decided to take his chances beside a television set.

Nashua's Futurity day started early. At 4 A.M., the night watchman brought him two quarts of oats. Following the mile gallop he killed time in Stall No. 1, peering out at his visitors and waiting for more to eat. By 10 o'clock his groom brought him race-morning rations—two more quarts of oats instead of the usual three. Nashua begged for more by pawing the straw in No. 1, even made a few good-natured passes at the splinters on the stall door. "I think the only thing that ever worries him is getting enough to eat," the foreman said. "With some horses," said Jimmy Fitzsimmons, "it's traveling. Not him. You could ship him to Africa and it wouldn't bother him."

Nashua didn't have to go that far. Shortly after noon, he vanned over to Belmont where six other formidable two-year-olds were ready for him, along with some 37,000 pari-mutuel addicts. The horse fans made him the favorite. So did his jockey, Eddie Arcaro. As Arcaro slipped into Belair's silks (red polka dots on white blouse), he said simply, "I think I'm on the best horse," Jimmy Fitzsimmons said, "He's ready to go now."

And go Nashua did, although for the first quarter of a mile only those equipped with super field glasses were lucky enough to see for themselves just what was happening in the outer spaces from where the Futurity field must start its furious charge to the wire. From the beginning only four of the seven horses (all equally weighted at 122 pounds) were factors.

First it was Hal Price Headley's Georgian. The Washington Park Futurity winner raced out to a slim lead of a length at the end of the first half mile. Behind him, all running easily, were Nashua and then Clearwater

continued on page 28

NASHUA BEAT SUMMER TAN BY LONG HEAD



THE public has been slow to get excited about Nashua, possibly because he is not so dramatic as the gray Native Dancer, their last great love. But nothing succeeds like success and there is no greater thrill than to see a star born. And Nashua behaved like a star when, after getting the lead halfway down the Widener chute, he held on to withstand the threats of Royal Coinage on his left, and Summer Tan on his right. Tapped lightly by Eddie Arcaro, the colt cinched his victory by a good safe head, in a true run race if ever I saw one. Winning Futurities is no novelty to Master Eddie. This was his fourth.

Nashua, whose winnings now total \$192,855, has certainly cinched the two-year-old title. His victories include the Juvenile, the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Hopeful, all of them mere aperitifs to the Futurity. For this race is a symbol and has withstood change and the challenge of larger purses offered elsewhere. When the Futurity is mentioned it is the Belmont Futurity that is meant. As in the case of Tallulah no further qualification is necessary.

The race was dreamed up by James G. K. Lawrence, secretary of the old Coney Island track at Sheepshead Bay. Having raced in England, the New Orleans-born Lawrence foresaw the importance of an all-encompassing race for two-year-olds in which owners could enter the unborn progeny of their mares for a then unheard of small initial fee. This did the trick, the idea caught on, and the race since its very inception has been the gauge of our young potential champs.

Its companion piece, the Lawrence Realization for three-year-olds has lost its luster. Even the Champagne which used to be the fall distance test for two-year-olds has been overshadowed by the new Garden State race with its enormous cash inducement. But the Futurity's prestige is bright, undiminished.

Although last Saturday's field was small—only seven colts started—there were four of top quality. Kentuckian Hal Price Headley summed it up when saddling his entry Georgian, "This is possibly the finest Futurity field ever. Certainly the very best in many years."

It is a racing cliché that Futurity winners do not go on to win the Kentucky Derby. But if ever a colt was bred to go the classic route it is Nashua. The late William Woodward's passion was classic breeding and the colt's dam is Segula, a daughter of Johnstown and a nine-time winner for Belair Stud. Nashua's ability to go a route will be judged if he runs in the mile-and-a-sixteenth Garden State, the world's richest race, October 30th at Camden.

The progeny of Nasrullah, sire of Nashua, are making news from England (Never Say Die won the Derby) to California (Blue Ruler took the Del Mar Futurity). First tip-off to American racegoers that there was something special about the sons of Nasrullah was the Irish colt Noor, imported by C. S. Howard, which accomplished the seemingly impossible by beating the great Citation four in a row in California early in 1950.

Nasrullah, a son of the unbeaten Italian horse Nezero, raced for the Aga Khan and was brought over here in 1951 by a syndicate to stand at Claiborne Farms in Paris, Kentucky. At the Keeneland sales last July, a Nasrullah colt brought \$86,000—highest price ever paid for a yearling in this country.

Even people whose interest in breeding is academic follow the Nasrullah line. And it pays off, for a surprising number of his sons and daughters, too, win races. Last Saturday, in fact, the second race was taken by Cain Hoy's Flying Fury, just another Nasrullah colt.

That he is sire of the year is undisputed. He may well be the great sire of this decade.

Stables' Royal Coinage and Mrs. Russell A. Firestone's Summer Tan. At this point Arcaro decided to move. Nashua agreed and the pair slipped by Georgian as Summer Tan moved up to second, Royal Coinage held third and the Hendley color-bearer was out of it for good. The rest of the way was a thriller. Arcaro used the whip on Nashua just once, about an eighth from home. That—and, as Arcaro said, the sight of the other colts driving on either side—was enough. Nashua's margin at the finish was a head over Summer Tan, with Royal Coinage another three-quarters of a length back. Nashua's time over a fast track: 1:15½. His sixth victory in eight starts earned Owner William Woodward a handy \$88,015. It also earned Nashua something which some owners, even in this day of rich purses, treasure more than the winner's check: a permanent position in American turf history alongside such former Futurity winners as Domino, Colin, Man o' War, Citation, Tom Fool and Native Dancer.

In the President's Room after the race, Woodward sipped champagne and accepted congratulations for Belair and Trainer Fitzsimmons. "I know Fitz really does have a cold," he said, "but I also strongly suspect he may be glad the cold arrived today. Fitz wouldn't have wanted a big fuss made over him."

Nashua himself took all the fuss in stride. Back at Aqueduct's Barn No. 17, he finished off the remainder of his day's ration of 30 pounds of hay.

Losing owners had a consolation: Sysonby, Gallant Fox, Equipoise, Whirlaway and Count Fleet also lost the Belmont Futurity in their years.



**MAN O' WAR'S
RECORD AT 2**

RACES—16
Purse (Belmont)
Kennebec Memorial
Youthful Stakes

VICTORIES—5
Hudson Stakes
Tremont Stakes
U.S. Hotel Stakes

EARNINGS—\$12,105
Gr. Union Hotel Stakes
Hopeful Stakes
Belmont Futurity



**CITATION'S
RECORD AT 2**

RACES—6
Purse (Havre de Grace)
Purse (Pimlico)
Purse (Havre de Grace)

VICTORIES—2
Purse (Arlington)
Elementary Stakes
Futurity Trial

EARNINGS—\$21,422
Belmont Futurity
Pimlico Futurity

A MIRACLE MILE AT THE LEXINGTON TROTS



Scott Frost, a two-year-old bay colt pulling an oversized sulky and an undersized driver, raced a mile in two minutes at the Lexington Trots, thus achieving harness racing's equivalent of track and field's four-minute mile. The record had been broken three times before, but each time under ideal time-trial conditions with no competition to interfere.

Going into the Cimarron Ranch Stake, the son of Hoot Mon from Nora by Spencer had won seven straight heats, thanks partially to his canny driver Joe O'Brien, who replaced the normal 26-inch-high sulky with a 30-inch one to keep Scott Frost (left) from banging his wide-swinging hocks against the bike.

The first heat was only a warmup, with Scott Frost winning in 2:04½. In the second heat, W. T. Maybury's Galophone led to the quarter in a fast 29½, and reached the half in 59½. Interest in a record quickened at the five-eighths when O'Brien took the lead and passed the three-quarters in 1:30½. Scott Frost came into the lane all alone, but O'Brien tapped him gently with the whip—the first time in his racing life the horse had felt it. At the finish the electric timer impersonally registered 2:00 for the mile, and Lexington went wild. Later O'Brien explained the whip: "Not to urge him on, because he was going all he could, but just to remind him that the noon whistle hadn't yet blown."



A PROUD SOVEREIGN HAPPILY PATS HER WINNER, AUREOLE, VICTOR IN \$75,000 KING GEORGE AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES

THE QUEEN WHO LOVES THE SPORT OF KINGS

by ANDRE LAGUERRE

Elizabeth II, a racing fan from childhood on, will be the first ruler to race the royal colors outside Britain when her horse Landau comes here next month



LANDAU, here with Sir Gordon Richards up, will race at Laurel, Md. on Nov. 3.

THERE IS a story that once as a child Queen Elizabeth II was asked what she would most like to become. Promptly she answered: "A horse." The tale may be apocryphal, but there is no doubt that love of the thoroughbred has always been with her.

The Queen today is not only a passionately interested horsewoman but also the industrious and ambitious owner of a considerable racing stable. Next month Americans will get a chance to look one of her horses over when Elizabeth's black three-year-old, Landau, runs in the Washington International at Laurel Race Course on Nov. 3. This will be the first time in British history that the colors of the sovereign will be raced outside the British Isles.

Landau is one of the latest of a succession of horses the Queen has owned since she was a small child. Her first mount, a Shetland pony, was given to her by her grandfather, George V, when she was four.

By the time she was five, the London *Evening Standard* wrote that Elizabeth was already "an accomplished and keen little horsewoman," and in that same year her grandfather christened a three-year-old filly "Lilibet." Another time, when she was 12, Captain Moore, her father's trainer, took her with the King on a tour of inspection of the royal stud at Sandringham. When showing one of the mares, Bread Card, Moore's memory temporarily deserted him. "I can't remember her pedigree offhand, sir," he confessed apologetically. "I know it!" piped Lilibet's shrill, treble voice in the background. "She is by the Derby winner, Manna, out of Book Debt by Buchan." And she was quite right, too.

When Elizabeth was 16 her father's Big Game was favored to win the Derby. Elizabeth and Margaret listened to the race on the radio, and Big Game failed. "Isn't that a shame," bemoaned the 11-year-old Margaret. But her sister corrected her primly:



QUEEN'S TRAINER, Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, poses with his nine-year-old son Arthur before the royal stables. He has high respect for the knowledge and experience Elizabeth has acquired over the years.

THE QUEEN *confused*

"No, it's just horse racing."

In 1948 Elizabeth got her first race horse—the filly *Astrakhan*, a wedding present from the Aga Khan—and the next year the Princess registered her colors. Under steeplechase rules, she also registered a partnership with her mother, and each owned a half share in the Irish jumper, *Monaveen*.

One afternoon in April, 1950 Elizabeth was watching Philip play polo in Malta when she got a telegram telling her of her first win under flat-racing rules—*Astrakhan* had taken the Merry Maidens Stakes at Hurst Park. Elizabeth "smiled very happily," according to bystanders. In December she got another and sadder cable in Malta:

Monaveen had broken a leg and had been shot. The Queen has never owned a jumper since.

Racing is the Queen's great pastime. She is devoted to the sport and the traditions which govern it in Britain. It is her single interest outside her family and duties, and she approaches it as she does everything else—studiously, persistently and ardently.

A SERIOUS MANAGER

Elizabeth takes the management of her racing very seriously. "She is most knowledgeable and is not an owner anyone can take liberties with," claims her manager, Captain Charles Moore, and her veteran trainer, Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, says, "There is very little I can tell her that she does not know al-

ready." Even allowing for a natural element of flattery in these remarks, it is certain that the sovereign is much more of an expert on breeding and form than nine racegoers out of 10.

Her ambition is to be the most successful owner in Europe. Her greatest rival outside Britain is the French textile millionaire, Marcel Boussac. But Boussac's luck has wilted in the last two or three years, and experts say that excessive inbreeding has thinned his stable's blood strain.

At home the biggest disappointment Elizabeth could have in 1954 would have nothing to do with affairs of state but would be inflicted by a 78-year-old New York financier, Robert Sterling Clark, whose brilliant Nasrullah colt, *Never Say Die*, this year won the Derby and the St. Leger, the two biggest classics of the flat-racing season. Clark and the Queen are only a few hundred dollars apart in the race for the title of leading money winner of the year, an unofficial honor furiously coveted by British owners.

Like almost all racing people, the Queen is superstitious. Until the latter part of this year, she was convinced her presence on the track jinxed her champion colt, *Aureole*, whom she watched finish second in the 1953 Derby. In June this year she was glad to make another appointment on the day *Aureole* won the important Coronation Cup. But a few weeks later she could not miss the Hardwicke Stakes of the royal Ascot, where *Aureole* ran against an excellent Boussac horse, *Janitor*. The two colts drew clear in the stretch and rocketed past the post in the same stride. There was acute anxiety written all over the Queen's face as she stood in the unsaddling enclosure waiting for the result of the photofinish. When *Aureole* was announced the winner, she jumped with glee and smiled brilliantly.

Between races she mingles quite unself-consciously with the crowds in the paddock or the clubhouse enclosure, and is not expected to notice all the men who raise their hats as she walks by. She looks the horses over carefully before the race, and discusses them animatedly with her manager or trainer. During the race, in moments of tension, she clenches her fist and gently punches herself in the stomach.

When *Aureole* won the \$78,000 King George and Queen Elizabeth Stakes in July—beating another French invader—Elizabeth, in the words of one of her party, "was quite beside herself." For several seconds after the race she could only repeat, "Wasn't it wonderful?"

Wasn't it a wonderful performance? It was the most tremendously exciting thing I ever saw."

The nonconformist conscience is still strong in Britain, and there is not universal approval of the Queen's fondness for the track. There was criticism when she knighted Gordon Richards, the champion jockey who is now a trainer. Recently the Rev. Dr. Donald Soper, president of the Methodist Conference, said that "as a Methodist and as a Christian I could have wished the Queen did not give gambling her patronage on the race track." Generally, though, Britons have no wish to deprive the Queen of a pleasure which millions of her subjects also enjoy. Horse racing, the sport of kings, has so much venerable tradition wedded to it that in the ultimate it is respectable.

NO BETS, BUT A DOPE SHEET

The popular suspicion is that the Queen plays the horses, but the truth is that she does not bet. She does, as they say in England, have her card marked by a professional, which means that she buys a dope sheet, but only as an indication of which horses she should watch. The ownership and management of several dozen horses, which can bring annually a profit or loss of tens of thousands of dollars, is quite exciting enough to make most people willing to dispense with the additional thrill of betting.

How seriously the Queen takes her horse racing is indicated by a story that last year made headlines all over the world—and not just in the sporting pages. Landau developed a kink in his temperament: when under driving pressure, he tended to throw his head up and quit. Elizabeth chose to have the horse treated in a thoroughly unconventional manner—she called in the distinguished London neurologist, Charles Brook, to see if Landau would respond to psychiatric care.

Brook heeded not the laughter of the ignoramuses who dubbed him a hypnotist or a psychiatric horse doctor. He explained his technique was "one that substitutes, for existing impulses in the nervous system, impulses that dictate the conduct or condition desired. It is a nonphysical treatment of the nervous system."

More specifically, Brook's treatment involved spending some time in Landau's box, with one hand on the horse's withers and another on his girth muscle. This had a soporific effect on the animal. He used to drop off to sleep with his head on the doctor's shoulder. An even more tangible sequel was that

Landau won three of his next four races and thus qualified for the invitation to race at Laurel on Nov. 3.

It now looks as if the good doctor may have to be called in once more before Landau is flown to the U.S. On September 28, this son of British Derby winner Dante and Sun Chariot was given a final trial race before the Laurel event. Landau was only one of four entries in the one-mile Old Rowley Stakes, and on that chilly afternoon 8,000 fans were huddled in and around the drab stands on Newmarket Heath when the small field cantered to the post.

AN EARLY FAVORITE, A DISMAL LAST

Landau, the favorite at 8 to 15, broke fast as is his wont. Two furlongs from home, he looked good. Jockey Willie Snaith's royal silks in gold, scarlet and purple loomed prominently, and loyal subjects were ready to sweep off their hats for the traditional ceremonial cheer which greets every royal winner.

Ah, abruptly, as Snaith began to drive, Landau's head lifted. Within the next few strides, the royal debacle was sadly evident. Marshal Ney, a 17-to-1 long shot ridden by the French-Australian ace, Rae Johnstone, was an easy winner. Trailing by 10 lengths, Landau finished a dismal last.

Captain Moore, a weatherbeaten Irishman from Tipperary, strode glum-

ly from the paddock to send a wire to the Queen, then still vacationing at Balmoral Castle in Scotland. He told reporters, "We must think again about sending Landau to Laurel. But I can say no more. The decision is Her Majesty's."

Next morning the racing correspondent of the *Daily Mirror*, Britain's leading tabloid, was given the honors of his paper's front page on which to write: "I saw this sorry fiasco, and the impression I formed was that Landau is not fit to represent the Queen in a great international event."

"A performance like yesterday's could do nothing but harm to the prestige of British bloodstock."

The *Mirror's* ink was hardly dry when Elizabeth announced her decision: Landau would run at Laurel as planned. It was a decision quite typical of two of her characteristics, love of a good horse race and plain stubbornness. With it goes not exactly a "sporting" spirit, but the philosophy which every racing fan has to develop if he is going to stick with the game for long. She very much wants to beat out Mr. Clark for the leading money-winner title in Britain this year. She very much wants Landau to win at Laurel. If she gets neither wish, chances are her reaction will be the same as that which she communicated to her kid sister 12 years ago: "It's just horse racing."



QUEEN'S COACH brings Elizabeth and Philip to the race course at Ascot for the traditional ceremony opening the season. This is the track where the Queen watched Aureole beat French horse Janitor in an exciting race this year.

TIGER CUBS' BUILD-UP

Princeton's freshman football hopefuls undergo intensive training to toughen their bodies and test their resolve

OPENING DAY for freshman football practice at Princeton found 107 would-be All-Americans on hand. Veteran Coach Matt Davidson (Ithaca College, '26) had two jobs to perform: to separate the football players from the dilettantes; to prepare his A squad for the traditional frosh games, his B squad for a schedule of games with neighboring prep schools.

To accomplish these ends, Matt Davidson and his assistants put the aspir-

ants through a grueling gauntlet of exercises designed to discourage the half-hearted, build up the bodies of the stout-hearted. At the end of a week the squad was down to 80. All departures were voluntary. "We don't cut anybody, they eliminate themselves," says Coach Davidson. Like the other Ivy League schools, Princeton offers nonathletic scholarships. Princeton's football honor will be defended by boys who play strictly for the fun and glory.



AN UPHILL CHARGE IN FULL FOOTBALL



NECK EXERCISES look silly but will give protection against future injury.

ALAN DEMAREE MODELS STURDY BLOCK



REGALIA CLIMAXES FIVE HOURS OF CALISTHENICS, GRILL IN FOOTBALL FUNDAMENTALS, WIND SPRINTS, ROUND-THE-FIELD DASH



COACH DAVIDSON demonstrates proper leg action for running. He has coached Princeton frosh for nine years.



BEGRIMED BUT HAPPY after practice session, Walter Strine (left) and Phil Wallace walk back to locker room.

'COLLEGE FOOTBALL IS

In 1939 the University of Chicago, under Robert M. Hutchins, abandoned football. Recently there has been a move to reinstate the sport, but the ex-president still believes higher education and football should not be mixed

by ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

THE University of Chicago abandoned intercollegiate football in 1939 because the game hampered the university's efforts to become the kind of institution it aspired to be. The university believed that it should devote itself to education, research and scholarship. Intercollegiate football has little to do with any of these things and an institution that is to do well in them will have to concentrate upon them and rid itself of irrelevancies, no matter how attractive or profitable. Football has no place in the kind of institution Chicago aspires to be.

It has been argued that Chicago is different. Perhaps it is and maybe it is just that difference that enabled the university to separate football from education.

Chicago is one of the few endowed universities in the U.S. that did not grow out of a college. It was founded as a university, to engage in advanced study, research and professional training, together with such basic education as was necessary to prepare students for the graduate level. Its enrollment is comparatively small. Of 7,500 full-time students, 50% were in graduate courses. Forty per cent of the undergraduates were women and a very large number were working their way through.

The appeal of the university was to those who shared its aims. Students came to study and the alumni, an unusual proportion of whom were teachers and members of the learned professions, agreed that that was what they should be doing.

FREEDOM TO ACT

Other institutions in the Midwest may have wanted to develop programs similar to Chicago's, perhaps even drop football, but they were not as free to act as the university was. They all had limitations of governmental or denominational control; they had a different kind of alumni or a different relationship with them; or they were without the financial resources that the University of Chicago commanded. The university, far from feeling a duty to conform, believed that its

principal reason for existence was to criticize and improve upon current educational practices.

For their difference Chicago students are often considered anomalies in the American college scene. In a recent student election, for example, the following battle cry was scrawled on a wall near the Midway: "Keating is a neo-classicist dog." But this, though suggestive, is only superficial. Chicago students look as "normal" to me as any I meet elsewhere. And their college life is lively enough. At last reports there were 141 recognized student organizations on the campus.

Indeed, that is one of the points. The university hoped to prove that "normal" young Americans could get excited about the life of the mind. To the disintegrated curriculum common in this country, which will frustrate anybody's attempts to make sense of it, the university opposed an intelligible program of education, and the students did get excited about it. The late Alfred North Whitehead remarked that the place that seemed to him most like what he imagined ancient Athens to have been was the University of Chicago.

CRAZY LIKE THE ATHENIANS

The ancient Athenians were as crazy about sport as modern Americans are. So were the ancient Romans and the Renaissance Italians. So are contemporary Britons and Germans. But we Americans are the only people in human history who ever got sport mixed up with higher education. No other country looks to its universities as a prime source of athletic entertainment. In some other countries university athletic teams are unheard of; in others, like England, the teams are there, but their activities are valued chiefly as affording the opportunity for them and their adherents to assemble in the open air. Anybody who has watched, as I have, 12 university presidents spend half a day solemnly discussing the Rose Bowl agreement, or anybody who has read—as who has not?—portentous discussions of the "decline" of Harvard, Yale, Stanford,



HUMOROUS HUTCHINS parodied himself in 1945 faculty show in which he dressed as football player.

AN INFERNAL NUISANCE'

or Chicago because of the recurring defeats of its football team must realize that we in America are in a different world.

Maybe it is a better one. But I doubt it. I believe that one of the reasons why we attach such importance to the results of football games is that we have no clear idea of what a college or university is. We can't understand these institutions, even if we have graduated from one; but we can grasp the figures on the scoreboard.

"WHAT SHOULD THE UNIVERSITY BE?"

Walter P. Metzger of Columbia, writing in a recent number of the *Antioch Review*, tells the story: "In asking 'what should the university be?' every need has clamored for recognition, every craft has hoped to belong—and the result has been the unhappy association of piddling vocational and important intellectual interests, the nestling together—under one faculty—of searchers, conservers and craftsmen, the crowding together of institutes, departments, hospitals, dormitories, restaurants, apartment houses and football stadium all under the canopy of a single administration. The university in America is not a community of scholars, but an enormous agglomerate service station, where one can be born, go to kindergarten, lower school and high school, meet the girl friend and get married; where one can get religious solace or psychiatric help; where one learns to turn out a newspaper, to do bookkeeping, to cook. No wonder the universities have been hiring generals to run this domain."

Or consider the unconscious pathos of a recent address by the president of the College of the Pacific, an address that was thought so successful in justifying football that it was distributed by Tide Water Associated Oil Company, which likes football because people use gasoline to get to the games. After pointing out that philosophy was once the "integrating force" in higher education, the president of the College of the Pacific goes on to say that such an integrating force is missing, and is needed, today. He finds that neither science nor religion can play this role.

He then says: "The curriculum has become diversified; there are numerous electives. Few study the same courses or sit under the same profes-

sors. ... So, in this period of intellectual and social disintegration of the American college, all unite in football. ... Football has become more than a spectacle; it has become a symbol; it has become one of the great intangibles not only of college but of our American life. Actually, if you want to look at it on a higher level, football has become the spiritual core of the modern campus."



SERIOUS HUTCHINS takes last look at campus in winter of 1931. He is now President of the Fund for the Republic.

What a spiritual core! Here is a description of the spiritual contribution of big-time football by the late Jeff Cravath. "Nearly all colleges still playing big-time schedules have been forced into the open market to obtain their raw material. They must bid for the best players—and make concessions to keep them. The fact that the system reduces the boys to perjurers, scalpers and football gigolos is ignored.

"To keep up the pretense of purity and still produce winning football teams is no small job. ... Colleges, even state institutions, need money to survive. In 99 cases out of 100, the money must come from wealthy alumni, or in some state schools, from legislatures which are dominated by politically prominent alumni. The alumni demand winning football teams. To get winning teams, colleges must violate the rules they themselves have made.

"A college president must know the corrupt practices that are being used to build his football squad. But if he tries to stop them, he runs afoul of prominent alumni on the board of trustees or board of regents, or alumni with endowment-available money. The president needs that money to keep his school going."

I agree with Mr. Cravath that the troubles of football began when it became big business. This business, like any other, has to pay. The only paying football is winning football. If you are going to win, you have to have the material; there is no substitute. The solution of the football problem at Chicago that was urged upon me was the usual one: fire the coach. The coach who led Chicago through its last disastrous seasons went to Stanford and took his team to the Rose Bowl in his first year. He had the material at Stanford.

MUSIC, PAINTING, RHYTHMS AND DANCE

You have to get the material, and you have to keep it eligible and happy. In sentencing prisoners who had been convicted of bribing or taking bribes to arrange the scores of intercollegiate basketball games to meet the wishes of gamblers, Judge Saul S. Streit pointed out that one convicted university player in his senior year took courses in music, oil painting, rhythms and dance, public speaking, and physical education. Eight players of another university involved in the scandal were majoring in physical education, and among the courses for which credit was given were handball, elementary swimming, social dancing, football and first aid.

The judge used harsh words: "The responsibility for the sports scandal must be shared not only by the crooked fixers and corrupt players, but also by the college administrations, coaches and alumni groups who participate in this evil system of commercialism and over-emphasis."

These remarks apply to football as much as to basketball—and perhaps more. A larger number of Americans might participate in basketball, but it is football supremacy that stirs their souls—and sometimes, I fear, corrupts.

When people tell you about the advantages of intercollegiate football, they almost always mean winning football. Even those who think of the



Me? I'm here on a scholarship, whatever that is.

FOOTBALL NUISANCE *continued*

game as the spiritual core of higher education would have to admit that the spiritual effects of continual defeats were somewhat dubious. Certainly the spirits of alumni, local businessmen and newspapers and prospective donors will not be raised by a long string of losses.

THE PRESIDENT'S DREAM

The college president's dream, which seldom comes true, was gloriously realized on Nov. 23, 1953, when Hugh Roy Cullen, speaking at a "campus pep rally" at the University of Houston, said, "The great spirit and determination shown by the Cougars last Saturday in defeating Baylor filled me with enthusiasm and prompts me to do something for our great university. . . . I have decided to give the university \$2,225,000 in oil payments." You will notice that Houston defeated Baylor. Did any Texas oil man say that the great spirit and determination shown by Baylor in winning a moral victory over Houston prompted him to do something for that great university? Not one, although soon after Cullen did give Baylor's medical school one million dollars. There was no connection between the game and the gift.

To anybody seriously interested in education intercollegiate football presents itself as an infernal nuisance. If all the time, thought and effort that university presidents, professors and pressagents have had to devote to this subject could have been spent on working out and explaining to the public a defensible program of higher education we should long since have solved every problem that confronts the colleges and universities of the U.S. Since there is no visible connection between big-time football and higher education, the tremendous importance attached to it by colleges and universities can only confuse the public about what these institutions are. We know what you get if you lose. What do you get if you win? When Minnesota was at the height of its football power, the president offered me the team and the stadium if I would take them away: his team was so successful that he could not interest the people of the state in anything else.

Nobody questions the value of exercise, recreation and sport. To the extent that a university wishes to make opportunities of this kind available to its students, it should do so as a part of

its normal expenditures, chargeable to its regular budget; it should not expect intercollegiate athletics to foot the bill. A football squad usually numbers 45. It is absurd to talk as though an institution that spends hundreds of thousands of dollars on this select group, ordinarily the group that needs physical training least, and pays little attention to opportunities for intramural sport, is doing so in the name of health, exercise and recreation. The only exercise for the majority is climbing up and down stadium stairs.

CAN FOOTBALL BE AN ASSET?

Are there any conditions under which intercollegiate football can be an asset to a college or university? I think not. There are conditions under which it can be less of a nuisance, or a less infernal nuisance. These conditions are hard to bring about and still harder to maintain. If you should succeed, you will do so only with an expenditure of time and effort that could more profitably be devoted to other things. The first requirement is agreement on the part of your constituency that the institution is to be represented by students, and by students who have come to the college in the

continued on page 82



DAN STROHMEIER won race to Bermuda, later lost boat *Malay* in hurricane.

SAILING: A BOOM YEAR

With more sailors on the water and more boats entering regattas than ever before, the yachting year 1954 brought startling new designs, new champions and a season of new thrills for old winners

by **ROBERT N. HAVIER JR.**

For the booming sport of yachting, this was a year of big news made by a growing swarm of small boats. Record fleets in all sections of the country reflected the awakening of more and more Americans to the fact that a yacht, in the modern sense of the word, is any boat used for pleasure; and that any American can afford to be a yachtsman and get into the fun.

In distance racing, the biggest plum was snatched by Dan Strohmeier's *Malay* (since lost in hurricane Carol), winner of the 1954 Bermuda race. This 635-mile classic is the one which American (and foreign) deep-water sailors would rather win than any other. In the record number of 77 starters, one of the smallest and least favored to win was the 39 foot 5 inch *Malay*. Built in 1939 as a cruising boat, she had never won a big race and Skipper Strohmeier, though a keen racing man, had never before raced to Bermuda. Moreover, she cost about one tenth as much as the more expensive yachts built expressly to win this blue-water derby.

Malay was helped by conditions favoring the smaller boats; she also had a good crew and they sailed the right course. Nearing the island, they began picking up larger boats, and it dawned on them that, with the help of their handicap, they wouldn't do too badly.

NO THOUGHT OF WINNING

The thought of winning, however, was so far from their minds that they finished the race and turned into their bunks without bothering to ask the

committee how they had fared. Next morning, while going into Hamilton Harbor under power, they hailed a passing charter boat: "Who won the race?" Back came the answer: "*Malay*." That's how Dan Strohmeier learned he'd taken the greatest ocean race of all.

Another surprise was the superb showing of the Argentine entries. Seven of them shipped their boats north. Good boats, too, but none had sailed to Bermuda and none had ever raced

against such formidable competition. Three wound up in the lower part of the fleet, but the record of the other four was outstanding. *Trucha II* was second in Class D and second only to *Malay* in the over-all standings. *Fjord III* was first in Class C and seventh in the fleet, *Jeanne* was third in Class C, and *Fortuna* was fifth in Class A. American prestige was maintained not only by *Malay*'s win but also John Nicholas Brown's Class A victory in *Bolero*, and by Carl Hovgaard's *Circe*, which was first in Class B and third in the fleet. But the showing of the Argentine *Trucha II* was particularly significant because she is of the new, light displacement type which is beginning to make itself felt in the biggest distance races.

THE UGLY DUCKLING

The most talked about and most successful boat in distance racing this year is one of these new boats—the ugly duckling *Hoat Mon* (next page). Owned jointly by boatbuilder Worth Brown, businessman Lockwood Pirie, and sailmaker Charles Ulmer, the 39 foot 8 inch yawl (small by ocean racing standards) made a shambles of the winter distance races in southern waters. After placing fifth in the 113-mile Great Isaac race—won by 1952 and 1953 southern-circuit champion Carlton Mitchell in *Caribbee*—*Hoat Mon* won the Lipton Cup race at Miami, the Miami-Nassau race and the St. Petersburg-Havana race. Proof that this was no flash in the pan was provided when she sailed north in the spring,

DISTANCE RACING

GREAT ISAAC won by C. Mitchell's *Caribbee*

ST. PETERSBURG-HAVANA won by *Hoat Mon*

MIAMI-NASSAU won by *Hoat Mon*

LIPTON CUP (at Miami) won by *Hoat Mon*

OVER-ALL WINNER: "HOAT MON"

NEWPORT-ENSENADA won by *Shiva*, owned by Howard Abramson

CHICAGO-MACKINAC won by Edgar Tolman's cutter *Tolliver*

PORT HURON-MACKINAC won by Wendell Anderson's *Knapdale*

BERMUDA won by Dan Strohmeier's *Malay*

STORM TRYAIL won by Stormy Weather

STANFORD-VINEYARD by De C. Fales *Nova*

SOUTHERN CIRCUIT

PACIFIC COAST

GREAT LAKES

ATLANTIC COAST



winning Class C in both the Storm Trysail Club's Block Island race and later the Port Huron-Mackinac race.

Hoot Moa's victories were not received with universal joy by owners of ocean racers, despite the popularity of her three owners. The reason: *Hoot Moa* is new, different and in some respects radical, and other skippers are afraid that she represents a new trend which will make their boats obsolete for competition. She bears a resemblance to the Star boats, with a tremendous overhang fore and aft. Her waterline length is only 21 feet 7 inches (compared to her over-all length of 39 feet 8 inches), leaving her with far less drag below the water than the conventional deep-water racer. First built in 1932, she never went really well until this year when her owners removed some of the fineness from the underbody and lengthened her two masts to provide more sail area. Now the ugly duckling is a feared competitor wherever she enters.

THE BERMUDA RACE RUMOR

One rumor that should be refuted is that *Hoot Moa* was barred from the Bermuda race because the other entries were afraid of her, or considered her unseaworthy. Actually she was kept out only because of eligibility requirements. Traditional specifications for this race limit the amount of overhang in relation to waterline length, and *Hoot Moa's* overhangs exceeded the limit. Had she lengthened her waterline or shortened her over-all length, she would have been allowed to race. Her owners didn't care to.

Even in a year of success for the *Hoot Moa* and the *Trucha II*, the older and more conventional boats still took their share of victories in the important races throughout the nation. Howard Ahmanson's 10-meter *Sirius*, now about 25 years old, beat 141 other entries in the 136-mile Newport (Calif.)-Ensenada (Mexico) race, and stands as the year's deep-water champion in the lively Pacific Coast area. Jim O'Neill's *Stormy Weather*, fleet leader in the Storm Trysail race, has been winning races ever since 1934. De Coursey Fales' schooner *Niña* (winner of the 1928 transatlantic race to Spain) beat a record fleet of 43 boats in winning the Stamford-Vineyard race for the fifth time; and Wendell Ander-

son's *Eseapele*, launched in 1938, won the Port Huron-Mackinac race for the fourth time—a record.

While distance racing was more popular in 1954 than ever before, many yachtsmen, partly because of economics, partly through preference, were skipping small boats in four- to 15-mile afternoon races. Every weekend and often during the week on both coasts, the Great Lakes, and on almost every inland lake large enough to float a boat, small sailboats were racing in unprecedented numbers.

The keenest sailors among them, divided into scores of different classes, headed late in the season for the national and world championships (but are now held for all the more popular classes. And the biggest triumph in the classes was scored in the World Star Championship Series at Cascais, Portugal, by a perennial challenger who had never before finished among the top three in world competition. He is Carlos de Cardenas of Havana, Cuba who has been sailing Stars for 25 years. This year the long chase resulted in a heart-warming victory. Charlie de Cardenas, with his son Carlos Jr. (see cut)



CUP CHAMPION was Sherry Trimmingham who won Prince of Wales Trophy.

crewing for him, sailed his *Kurash V* against 34 boats representing 12 nations, and walked off with four firsts and a second in the five-race series. This was the greatest record ever compiled in the 32-year history of the event.



WORLD CHAMPION Carlos (Charlie) de Cardenas (above left with Carlos Jr.) won most coveted championship in World Star regatta at Cascais, Portugal. A Star sailor for 25 years, this was his first world title.

SOUTHERN CHAMPION *Hoot Moa* bears family resemblance to Star. Not outstanding in early races, she was modified below waterline, added canvas above to win three of four southern-circuit competitions last winter.

ALL CLASS

NORTH AMERICAN

Gene Walet, III, 19, of New Orleans won Mallory Cup, youngest winner and first repeater in brief history of series.



WOMEN'S

Allegra Mertz, 41, of Rye, N.Y., took second women's title in last four years with victory in the Adams Cup.



JUNIORS

Harry Jemmett of Kingston, Ont., won Sears Cup, first Canadian ever to take home North American Junior trophy.



The Star Class was the first to organize a world championship, and for years the Star world champion was the king of small-boat racing. Now countless other classes have scheduled national and world championships of their own, and more and more good sailors are branching into them. Though these other events are growing in prestige to rival the Stars, the feeling persists that the Star Class world title is still the hardest to win. Stars have been called the yachtman's violin, and it takes a virtuoso to sail one to victory in world-wide competition.

WHIZ KID FROM CALIFORNIA

The largest class of all, the Snipe, which boasts over 10,000 boats throughout the world, holds its world championships only in odd-numbered years. The big one for Snipe sailors this year, therefore, was the National regatta at Mentor-on-the-Lake, Ohio. A sailing whiz kid, 19-year-old Tom Frost from Newport Beach, Calif., won it for the second year in a row. His record of two firsts, a second, a third, and a fourth against the country's top 24 Snipe sailors makes him a crown prince among small-boat skippers.

Probably the fastest boats afloat per foot of length are the International 14s. Only 14 feet long, their class rules allow for modification in design, as long as the boat remains within certain limits. As a result of refinement, they have developed sensational speed but are tricky to sail well—more so, even, than the Star. Outstanding performer

in these racing machines this year was De Forest W. Tringham of Bermuda. Shorty, as he is known to his sailing conferees, beat some of the best American "14" sailors in the Princess Elizabeth Trophy series at Bermuda last spring. Then he shipped his boat *Barrile* to England for the race which a 14 sailor would rather win than any other—the Prince of Wales Trophy at Weymouth on July 15.

The course was an exhausting 15 miles—five times around a three-mile triangle. It was blowing so hard that only 22 of the 43 select starters could finish. But Shorty (see *red*) was on top at the end, and, for the first time since 1936 (when Colin Ratsey won for the U.S.), the Prince of Wales Trophy left England.

GREAT LAKES CUP DEFENDERS

While the Class sailors were scrambling through weeks of local and regional eliminations, two big, graceful sloops were being preened for their July 19 match-race series on Lake Ontario. They were competing for the Canada's Cup, often referred to as "The America's Cup of the Lakes." Defending for Rochester Yacht Club was Herbert Wahl's eight-meter *Isaberec*, sailed by Howard Klitgord. Challenging for Canada was the eight-meter *Venture II*, owned by Norman Walsh and skippered by David Howard. *Isaberec* won the first race, but then *Venture* copped the next three to take the Canada's Cup back home after 50 long years.

In spite of the important and highly organized class championships and special regattas, yachting until 1952 was one of the few sports which failed to name an all-class champion. Finally the North American Yacht Racing Union organized a North American Sailing championship open to sailors of all the classes. The finals were to be sailed in different types of boats each year, with the host club supplying the boats which were to be rotated after each race so that every skipper sailed one. The winner would get the Clifford D. Mallory Cup, already one of the most prized of all sailing trophies.

After veteran Coray Shields won the first title in 1952, an unknown 18-year-old—Eugene Walet III of New Orleans—turned the trick in 1953. This year Walet survived 26 elimination races to reach the finals. Once there he mowed down an entirely different group of finalists than he beat the year before, to remain the North American Sailing champion.

Women and juniors have had their

own all-class champions for years. Allegra Knapp Mertz, who took her first all-class in 1951, came back this year to win the Adams Cup and again take her place as the best woman sailor in the country. The Sears Cup races to determine the best junior (under 18) sailor in North America was won this year by Harry Jemmett of the Kingston (Ontario) Yacht Club—the first time a Canadian had ever taken the top junior trophy.

For many, the best season in years ended on a tragic note when hurricanes Carol and Edna swept up the East Coast onto jammed yacht club basins from Hatteras to Maine, sinking or damaging boats of all sizes, famous and obscure (SI, Sept. 27). But with the winter ahead for overhaul, sailors this week were already hard at work on dry land (see SI, Oct. 11) preparing for an even bigger and better season in 1955.

MAJOR CLASSES

CLASS WINNER WHERE WON

STAR (WORLD) Carlos de Cardenas, Cascais, Portugal

STAR NO. AMR. John H. Van Dyke; Rockport, Mass.

SNIPE Tom Frost; Mentor-on-the-Lake, Ohio

LIGHTNING Tom Allen; Grasse Pointe Farms, Mich.

THISTLE Howard Boston; Fenwick, Conn.

LUDERS 18 Donald McClave; Chicago, Ill.

INT'L 20S Steve Chadwick; Seattle, Wash.

INT'L 22S F. Gregg Remus; Vineyard Sound

WOOD PUSSY Allan Blake; Shelter Island, N.Y.

Y-FLYER Harry Jones, Hudson, Quebec, Canada

COMET Howard Lippincott; Centerville, Md.

PENGUIN Ruyton Collier; Baltimore, Md.

SCOWS CLASS A, William Grunow Jr., Madison, Wis.

CLASS E William Ferrago; Madison, Wis.

CLASS C Charles B. Goss; Madison, Wis.

CLASS D Jim Lund, Madison, Wis.

HAVEN Donald Mathews; Centre Island, N.Y.

INT'L 14 (Prince of Wales Cup) De Forest W. (Shorty) Tringham; Weymouth, England

WOTN Warren Bailey; Miami, Fla.

GORDON'S FLY BOX

On these pages are exclusive views of the only fly box known to exist that belonged to Theodore Gordon, who originated dry-fly fishing in America; and other unique and historic memorabilia

by JOHN McDONALD

Courtesy of E. C. Corbin



THEODORE GORDON at 31. He learned to tie flies from books of his day.

ANGLERS this year celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of the immortal Theodore Gordon, father of the dry fly in the U.S., and the outstanding personality in modern American trout fishing. Gordon himself once said: "All fishing cranks enjoy looking over a good angling kit, rods, flies and tackle." In commemoration of the occasion **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents this portfolio of treasured Gordoniana: a photograph of Gordon as a young man, one of his trout rods, a set of dry flies that he received from the great English angling writer, Frederic M. Halford, and what is believed to be the only remaining fly box owned by Gordon, just recently come to light (*next page*).

The Halford flies are more than casual memorabilia. They are perhaps the most important single document in American fly fishing. They were clipped into a letter which carried these prophetic last words: "... kindly let me know the results of your experiments." By the time Gordon died in 1915 the

results of his experiments were known to many fishermen and today they are in common practice wherever trout are sought. The letter established, with rare accuracy for piscatorial matters, the precise date on which modern American fly fishing began: Feb. 22, 1890.

Fly fishing has but two eras: that extending from antiquity to less than 100 years ago, during which all flies were "wet" and usually fished sunk; that extending from the late 19th Century to the present, during which the "dry" or floating fly was created and developed.

It is curious that in retrospect an invention often appears so simple and obvious. We take the dry fly for granted. Yet it took the combined efforts of countless anglers over centuries of fishing the wet fly *dry* to produce this unique little creation. The movement culminated in England in the 1880s in the written works of Frederic Halford, and no sooner did these writings arrive in New York than Gordon seized upon them and began a correspondence with the author, who replied with the specimens that are shown here.

Fortunately for us, Gordon was a man whose character and circumstance combined a number of rare qualities: he was an angler with a dedication to the sport unsurpassed by any man (he gave his life to it); an artist with fur

text continued beyond spread



THE BEAVERKILL RIVER, still mostly open to the public, was a pet of Gordon's.

TREASURED ROD, a 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ -ft. Payne, was paid for with 39 dozen flies Gordon tied.



Courtesy of Frank B. Corbin



PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD HERRK

CHANCE DISCLOSED THIS TREASURE

One day this summer an editor of this magazine was buying tackle from Jim Deron, owner of a store called the Angler's Roost in New York. "I have an interesting item here," Deron remarked. "Theodore Gordon's fly box."

The owner of the box was a Major Rex C. Carthew, who had been given it by Mrs. Theodore Gordon Perk Sr., a cousin of Gordon by marriage. Carthew belongs to the elite Anglers' Club of New York, which has a display of 11 of Gordon's flies. But the box contained 161 flies, mostly dries, including three Quill Gordons undoubtedly tied by the master himself. Here was perhaps the greatest collection of Gordon's flies in existence.

The flies had been left with Deron for steaming, which restores the set of crushed hackles. Bits of leader gut still clung to some flies, snipped close to the hook eyes and revealing that Gordon used a Turle knot, one of the safest. The authenticity of the box, which measures 6 x 3 1/2 inches, was checked—though it looks modern, it was made in England about 1908—and permission was obtained to photograph it before the flies were steamed, showing them in all probability as Gordon last saw them.



was a central leaf, hence two views above



THE BOX'S CONTENTS: left leaf (opposite page). Top row, reading from left: a Pale Quill, an experimental pattern, Governor, and a pair of Beaverkills. Row 2: Olive Quill, two Red Spinners, experimental, Black Gnat. Row 3: a moth-eaten wet fly, Black Quill, Blue Quill. Row 4: a sedge, Pale Evening Dun, two Quill Gordons, Holland's Fancy. Row 5: Yellow Sally, Female March Brown, Pale Watery Dun, three Evening Duns with hackle variations. Row 6: experimental Light Cahill, Black Gnat, variations of Coe Dungs. Row 7: Ginger Quill, Pale Evening Dun. Right leaf (opposite page). Top row: experimental, Beaverkill. Row 2: variant of Coachman, and Coachman. Row 3: experimental May fly, a Wickham's Fancy, experimental. Row 4: a Quill Corky-bonanza, Pale Evening

Dun, experimental May fly, moth-eaten experimental, Gold-ribbed Hare's Ear. Row 5: experimental, Pale Evening Dun, two moth-eaten, indistinguishable flies. Row 6: an experimental Cahill, unknowns spent-wing. Row 7: Blue Quill, experimental dun, experimental May fly.

Left leaf (above). Top row, reading from left: Queen of Waters wet fly, two experimental forward-wing dry flies. Row 2: three Beaverkills. Row 3: palmered Hare's Ear, experimental, Dark Olive Dun, Leaf-wing Coachman, Lady Beaverkill. Row 4: a Queen of Waters, Yellow Sally, three Queen of Waters. Row 5: Ginger Quill, a Pale Olive Dun, gold-ribbed body. Row 6: two experimentals, Skues Hackle, trout-chewed Light Cahill. Row 7: a dun and three Wickham's Fancies.

Right leaf (above), reading from left. Top Row: Quill Gordon, experimental, May fly variation with badger hackle, Halford's Hare's Ear. Row 2: two Wickham's Fancies, two Pale Evening Duns, Hare's Ear. Row 3: two Pale Olives, a dun, and an experimental Coachman with red tag. Row 4: Watery Dun, Silver Sedge, two Pale Olives, Halford's Hare's Ear. Row 5: experimental pattern with Hare's Ear body and sedge wings, Red Spinner, a Claret Gnat. Row 6: an experimental w-lge with big wings, possibly for night fishing, a Red Spinner. Row 7: an experimental.

Some of the flies are moth-eaten but others have obviously been chewed up by fish. An interesting sidelight—some with gut remaining had inadvertent "wind" knots, long a plague of fly fishermen everywhere.

THE SHARK THAT WON'T GIVE UP

Deep-water anglers are finding great light-tackle sport in the mako shark, a fierce fish that will strike at almost anything, including floating pop bottles

by CHUCK MEYER



A MAKO SHARK, SUPPOSEDLY PLAYED OUT, TRIES A BACKWARD SWIPE AT FRANK MUNDUS, PIONEER OF THIS NEW TYPE OF FISHING

THE pint-size Jersey sea skiff limping to her slip was a floating wreck. Her cockpit was a grotesque shambles, her engine hatch was shattered. The cabin door hung by a single hinge. Alongside the fish box lay the long slender corpse of a mako shark, its streamlining marred by a series of club imprints.

The skiff's mate gave us a strained smile. Skipper Frank Mundus and I were standing on the flying bridge of the *Crickle II* in the next berth. Mundus stared at the gory mess as she came in and said, "I tried to tell them about makos."

It had started as a mackerel trip.

They were drifting offshore, dropping globs of chum—ground fish meal—to form an oil slick which would attract fish. The trouble came with a black triangular fin far back in the chum. Presently a mako shark followed the chum line to the boat.

The skiff's skipper had the bright idea of swiveling two heavy tuna rods into a single shark leader. With the shark disposed of, they could return to the mackerel. The fish grabbed the hooked offering and came to a halt, stopped by the combination of heavy reel drags and 72-pound-test lines. That mako was unable to roll, run or

submerge. "Reel him in!" shouted the skipper. The mako obliged by arriving on its own.

The shark cartwheeled skyward in a slow, turning somersault at least 10 feet in the air. The leap ended inside the cockpit, where the wild fish smashed against the engine box. Slashing about with its four sets of teeth, the shark bounced across the deck, missing the skipper but uprooting two fighting chairs with hammering tail blows. The cabin door presented a passing target and was demolished. Topsides, from the comparative safety of the flying bridge, the anglers gaped



CARTWHEELING MAKO TAKES TO THE AIR

MAKO SHARK *confessed*

in stunned disbelief. Finally they came below in desperation and attempted to subdue the beast.

Gaff handles and a boat hook were ineffective against the leathery hide. They only penetrated enough to draw blood and infuriate the shark which finally died of air—not violence.

This experience is hardly typical of an average shark-fishing junket but it illustrates the unbelievable power and stamina of the mako shark. It also reveals why Frank Mundus calls his specialty *monster fishing*. Soft-spoken Mundus operates a charter boat out of Montauk, at the southeastern tip of Long Island and has boated more than 100 sharks on his *Crickel II* this season. He has pioneered catching makos on light gear. Two of his anglers chalked up light-tackle world records on spinning tackle. All of them used lines no heavier than 45-pound test. Skipper Mundus looks with scorn on such sissy rigs as fighting chairs, foot braces and the proverbial tuna harness.

The object of all the excitement, the mako, is a species of mackerel shark whose movements are shrouded in mystery. It is thought that makos follow the mackerel in their migrations, yet these sharks seem to be absent in early spring when the mackerel schools begin to hit the Long Island coast. The best fishing for makos off Montauk Point begins in August and builds to a peak in October. Subsequently the sharks again disappear, perhaps to deep water outside the range of fishing craft.

Of the makos caught in the New York area, eight out of 10 are males. The same percentage holds true of the blue shark, another common resident hereabouts. But where and when they

breed is known only to the sharks. Two large specimens have been landed carrying young, one at Cat Cay off the Bahamas and another near Brielle, N.J. Ten young were in each litter, perfectly formed miniatures weighing about two and one half pounds apiece. Scientists at Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale contributed the information that makos hatch from an egg, undergoing further development inside the mother's body before finally being born alive.

The young sharks are bad tempered, vicious and self-sustaining from birth. Walter Wood of Montauk once hooked one from the charter boat, *Capt. Souxy*. The little fellow was no more than three feet long. The fish flashed behind an outrigger and took a squid fully half as long as itself.

BEER CANS, BUT NO ULCERS

Makos will hit almost anything. Though generally fish eaters, strange objects such as beer cans, soda bottles, churn ladles and chunks of wood occasionally appear in their stomachs, which apparently are untroubled by minor human ailments, such as ulcers.

They have four distinct rows of teeth, razor sharp, curving inward toward their throats. It's a formidable collection—once the jaws clamp, the angle alone makes it impossible for the prey to escape. Auxiliary molars are set in the jaw cartilage. If a tooth breaks off in something tough, another moves forward to take its place.

The mako's natural enemies are porpoises and swordfish. The sharks are fond of young porpoises. Schools of porpoises retaliate by ganging up on solitary sharks. Using its cylindrical snout as a battering ram, a bull por-

poise will smash into a shark while doing approximately 40 miles an hour. Others meanwhile keep the shark busy by taking little nips and herding the carnivore into position for the knock-out punch. A direct hit means immediate disembowelment for the shark.

Swordfish and makos are implacable enemies. One 730-pound shark was recently captured with a small swordfish, snout still attached, inside the mako's stomach. Another recent incident involved a struggle between two large fish. It happened off Shinnecock Inlet, Long Island, within 50 feet of a charter boat. The swordfish slashed at the shark, churning the water white. The encounter ended when the mako sheared through the sword's tail with one bite. The helpless billfish, unable to navigate, was leisurely eaten by the mako. Then the shark took a squid bait for dessert. At the rack it weighed in at 745 pounds.

One thousand pounds is the IGFA (International Game Fish Association) all-tackle world-record mako. But fish over 300 pounds are not commonly caught. Frank Mundus chums little fellows off Montauk with the regularity of guppies rising for food in a fish bowl, but he admits to being mystified by the habits of the real monsters. Chartermen spot them finning occasionally. A few are taken on large marlin baits while trolling, but the big makos are seldom chummed. No one can tell you why.

Frank Mundus dates his interest in monster fishing from the day a mako grabbed a bluefish on one of the *Crickel's* lines. The startled angler struck the fish. Two hundred pounds of cobaltic mako rose in the air. Once, twice—three times!



FIGHTING SHARK leaps out of water at end of 18-pound-test line off Montauk Point, Long Island. This one weighed nearly 200 pounds and jumped repeatedly before approaching the boat.



SHOOTING A MAKO seldom kills it but slows it down enough for it to be boated safely. Commercial fishermen used to shotgun their fish.

"I've got him!" the enraptured angler shouted. Bluefishing had suddenly become tame.

"He's got you," Mundus observed succinctly as the line parted.

But the talk was of makos through the rest of the trip. Frank told yarns of his hand-lining days, when commercial fishermen keg-lined sharks and blasted them with a double-barreled shotgun. Mako steak is good eating and tastes like swordfish. Off Long Island waters, even a fisherman with a one-trip budget can count on sharks rising to a chum streak. Skipper Mundus talked himself into a business.

I made my first shark trip on a hot, cloudless September morning last year. The rifle over the Atlantic was no more than a breeze rippling a farm pond. The charter fleet and the Montauk Lighthouse faded to black spots on the horizon astern. An hour and a half offshore we stopped at a spot that Mundus has nicknamed Cricket's Ledge. "Perfect light-tackle day," he said. "We could try a small fish on spinning gear."

Bud Withee of Flushing, N.Y. soon hooked and boated a 44-pounder to put the first spinning-tackle mako on the record books. Anne Bowditch of Manhasset, N.Y. followed his example a week later with a 52-pounder. Luck

rode with us the following months when I caught a 261-pounder on a salt-water spinning reel and 12-pound-test monofilament line. Temporarily it holds the light-tackle mark.

FANTASTIC SURVIVOR

Makos have a way of ignoring—and surviving—fantastic wounds that would kill any other species. I have seen Frank Mundus impale a whole mossbunker (an oily fish that is ground up to make chum) on a knife blade that was lashed to a rake handle. He placed the bait within reach of a mako. The shark sluiced upward, grabbing the bunker. Mundus stabbed the fish. A crimson flood streamed from its gills. Undisturbed, the mako continued to feed on chum beneath the boat. *It errs* took a second bunker.

One fish swam alongside the boat, curling under the keel like an oversize kitten wanting its back rubbed. We fed it a whole whiting on a shark hook. The fish picked up the bait and kept on idling around. The boat prepared for action but nothing happened; the mako refused to budge.

Irritated, Mundus yanked the leader wire, rolling the fish clear over on its stomach. The mako continued to lie there. Mundus then sank the big flying gaff into the complacent

shark. At this the mako started to run and was snubbed short by the gaff rope. The stern quivered with the shock.

Suddenly the angler's rod bowed. The mako had ripped the flying gaff through its body, tearing a two-foot rent in its side in the process. The fish was loose and angry. It stayed loose for three hours till a weary fisherman brought it within range of the gaff for a second try.

I caught a small fish trolling from the CMB at Shinnecock one summer afternoon. Prudently, rather than bring it aboard, Skipper Al Veltman fastened a tail loop and dragged the shark astern. A yelp from the cockpit half an hour later caused the skipper to wheel, a larger mako had come alongside and bitten our fish in two. It followed along, trying for the remainder. We had to pull the decapitated carcass aboard before the big mako would take a squid bait.

Yet, despite such cannibalism, I've seen six and eight in a school under the *Cricket II*, playing like children. One day we threw an empty pop bottle over the side. In perfect peace and accord they took turns nudging at the glass. You could hear the pointed teeth clinking as they mouthed the bottle. There is no telling how long this would have continued if Mundus hadn't broken up the party by tossing overboard a baited hook. What happened then was to be expected—but the game with the bottle serves to show that the mako shark is not only one of the sea's most savage fish, but a creature of mystery and caprice as well.



ONE SHARK BITE cut this school tuna in half while a fisherman was preparing to bring it to gaff.



ELK DOWN EAST

New Hampshire hunters must be careful not to mistake an elk for a deer

by JAMES B. TREFETHEN

THERE is no buck law in New Hampshire. A hunter need only be sure that the brown patch moving through the brush is a deer before he shoots. But in Sullivan County a hunter has to be unusually sharp-eyed, for that brown patch may not be a deer; it could be an elk, the killing of which can draw a fine of \$300.

New Hampshire probably is the only state east of the Mississippi that can boast a sizable herd of wild elk. There are a few small remnant herds in park and refuge areas in Pennsylvania and Virginia, but as many as 100 are thought to roam the hills of Sullivan County near the towns of Unity, Goshen, Washington, Lempster, Stodard and Acworth in the southwestern corner of the state.

These elk are all the descendants of a band of a dozen or so cows and two bulls presented to the state in 1931 by the owners of Corbin Park, a famous private game preserve in Croydon. The original animals were released on the state-owned Pillsbury Reservation game refuge on the eastern edge of their present range. Lack of adequate fencing and the natural wandering tendencies of the species did the rest.

QUITE AN AFFAIR

Just 10 years later the herd had increased to an officially estimated 200 head, and crop-damage complaints had become so numerous and heated that the Fish and Game Department declared a two-day season on elk of any size and sex. With the exception of a much earlier and more restricted special hunt in Virginia, this was the only full-scale elk shoot held in the eastern half of the nation in recent times. It was quite an affair.

Legal shooting time was set at sunrise on December 17, 1941. Fish and Game Director Ralph G. Carpenter II

had issued 293 special resident permits, pulled in 21 of his conservation officers to oversee the area and crossed his fingers. There was a good tracking snow and fine visibility as the eager hunters converged on the known and suspected haunts of the elk.

LIKE THE LIGHT BRIGADE

"Long Tom" Currier, a famous guide and hunter and now resident-manager of the Corbin Park preserve, drew first blood by trailing a band of 29 elk to the top of a hill in Goshen and making a clean kill on a 276-pound cow. Tom, however, was not alone. Other hunters had located the range of this same band and about 30 of them were deployed along the opposite slope of the hill. As Tom ran to his kill, the surviving elk flushed from cover straight toward this line of skirmishers. There may have been more shooting at the charge of the Light Brigade, but Currier wouldn't swear to it. He dived behind the carcass of his dead elk, which outweighed him by no more than a few pounds, and crouched low while bullets cracked over his head. Fourteen elk were killed in 10 minutes on that one hill.

One hunter put four bullets into the chest of a bull, only to have another hunter drop it with a single shot from the opposite side. Another was approaching a kill with drawn belt knife when five bullets tore into the carcass at his feet. Alexander Miller of East Unity, armed with a .32 Special carbine, was charged by a wounded bull elk and dropped the animal with a head shot from less than 50 feet. Others reported various narrow escapes but no one was injured. When the echoes of the last shot died in the snowy hills, New Hampshire's elk herd had been reduced by 48 head.

Conservation Officer Jesse Scott of

Newport, whose territory embraces all of the present elk range, feels that the original pre-season estimate of the herd's size was high. Untrained observers tend to be awed. He told me of a farmer who reported seeing 75 in one field where a few minutes before Scott himself had counted 27. Making an accurate count of the elk in the brushy woodlands they inhabit is difficult but Scott feels that there are still at least 50 animals in his district and possibly 100.

Two or three elk are mistaken for deer and shot each season. A few years ago, four youthful hunters from Claremont killed four elk in about as many minutes. Few of these killings appear to be intentional, and practically all of the sportsmen report their errors promptly to the authorities.

What will happen to New Hampshire's unique elk herd remains to be seen. Director Carpenter would prefer to see the herd reduced periodically by licensed hunters. The animals have increased to a point where they again are becoming a menace to farmers. Three of a herd of 21 were killed last spring in Unity after efforts to drive them from a rye field failed. Pressure is mounting for another special hunt. The Department of Fish and Game feels that it can stage a far less hectic hunt than the shoot of 1941, and that it may have to do so soon.

Until there is another season on the New Hampshire elk, every deer hunter hopes that he will not inadvertently shoot one, for the result would try any New Englander's soul—a fine of as much as \$300, and all the meat confiscated by the state.





GORM

by WILL STANTON

That afternoon we lived our Finest Hour. Never have so many owed so little to one guy—this golden god to whom football meant life or death

I DON'T suppose you've ever heard of Egyptian Normal," Sevensen remarked. "It's a small school." None of us at the Offside Club had heard of it. "We used to play some pretty good teams back in the twenties," Sevensen went on, "even Notre Dame once. That was the year I was captain."

"Well," said Leo Stertzbaugh, sensing a story, "who'd like to play some poker?"

"I was never any All-American," Sevensen continued. "All-conference would be more like it, although we

weren't in the conference at that time. But I guess you'd have to say our real star was Vaughn Gormlee, one of those tall, smiling, golden-haired lads they raise out on the Coast—or used to, anyhow. He was a well-meaning chap, popular with faculty and student body alike. He sang in the Glee Club and could punt fifty yards and pass or run an equal distance."

"He ever play in any ball games?" Harry Coldstone asked.

"He galloped eighty-five yards against Sewanee Northern, to name one

occasion," Sevensen said. "But I'm thinking of the game at South Bend. I don't know if any of you ever had the opportunity of playing there—"

Stertzbaugh nodded. "Many, many times. In Wisconsin, isn't it?"

"It's quite an experience," Sevensen assured us. "The team went up on a Friday, and most of the school with it—except for Gormlee. He was to stay behind for a convention of fraternity vice-presidents and drive up later in his own car. Well, we were all waiting nervously in the locker room

and Gorm hadn't shown up yet—"

"No sense of responsibility," Harry observed. "Those fellows from the West Coast, I've always said—"

"We were in the locker room," Sevensesen repeated, "when the telegram was brought in. The coach read it aloud. On the way up, Gorm had driven his car into the side of a freight train. He had gone on to the Greater Game."

"Sorry," Harry said.

"We were stunned, of course, all of us. The coach stood there with the wire in his hand. And then he spoke. 'Gorm was just an ordinary guy,' he said. 'He put his pants on one leg at a time, like anybody else, and now he's gone to play for the Big Coach up yonder. There's nothing we can do to show our respects—except go out and bring back this game for Gorm.' Well, we charged out onto the field like men possessed. Somebody had dropped a megaphone on the sidelines and Little Joe Bodkin kicked it halfway out of the stadium. We lined up for signal drill, and on the first play Big Jim Woolf ran into a goal post and broke his collarbone. We were a team dedicated to a single purpose: bring back the game for Gorm. Well"—Sevensesen shrugged—"sometimes it's in the cards, sometimes not."

"Well," said Harry Coldstone, "which was it?"

"At the half we were leading them 13 to 7," said Sevensesen, "and in the locker room the manager had chalked up signs—GORM IS WITH YOU IN SPIRIT—MARCH, MARCH ON DOWN THE FIELD WITH GORM—they were written on the walls and on the floor—GORM IS WATCHING EVERY PLAY—REMEMBER GORM—as if we were likely to forget. Sad Sam Wasserman had already been taken to the hospital with a wrenched pelvis. Wild Bill Calboun had one eye closed and several cracked ribs. Rusty Neyle had lost several teeth, and I had a dislocated thumb as well as a badly bruised thigh. But there was no thought of quitting. The coach moved among us with bandages and splints, like an angel of mercy, but he said little. 'There's nothing more I can do,' he told us. 'It's up to you fellows—you and Gorm.'"

"Good man," Stertzbaugh remarked.

"Yes," said Sevensesen. "We went out for the second half, and somehow we held them. Battered and bleeding, we fought for every inch and drove down toward their goal. It was near the end of the third quarter and I was over by the bench, having just carried one of

the players off the field. Only a handful of substitutes were left, and the coach was pacing in front of them. His voice was almost gone but he was far from licked. 'They may have a bigger squad,' he was saying, 'they may have a stronger team, but don't forget, we have Gorm on our side.' 'Then why don't you send him in?' said a calm, clear voice, and there he stood—"

"There who stood?" Harry asked.

"There stood Gorm, in his football togs, smiling like a Greek god in the sunlight. He had smashed his car, but escaped unhurt. The telegram had been in error, but there was no time for explanations."

"On with the game," Stertzbaugh said.

"We had the ball, first down, on their five-yard line. Naturally they expected a line plunge, but we happened to have a play for just such an occasion. The ball came back to Gorm—he swept to his right, stopped suddenly and shot a pass over the line. It led Pistol Pete Minetti just right and Pete was our ace receiver. But he was favoring a cracked ankle and the Irish line-backers were alert—one of them scored on the play."

"The breaks of the game," said Harry Coldstone.

"They kicked off deep into our end zone, and Gorm called for the ball. Turkey Shutz moved out to block and his knee gave way. Gorm tripped over Turkey, the ball squirted out of his hands, and they scored again as the third quarter ended."

"I blame Turkey as much as anybody," Stertzbaugh remarked.

"Well, we were a pretty dispirited lot, with our stained and ragged uniforms, our scars and bruises, and Gorm

moved through our midst like a person from another world.

"We can take 'em, gang," he yelled. 'We've still got a quarter to play.' He ranged back and forth, slapping fellows on the back, pummeling their heads. 'What's the matter?' he demanded. 'You going to let those bums run all over us? Where's that old fight?' Little Joe Bodkin had one arm taped to his side. He stepped over to the water bucket, picked up the old iron dipper and hit Gorm between the eyes."

There was a short silence. "Lose the game, did you?" Stertzbaugh asked.

"Fifty-eight to thirteen—fifty-nine, something like that. Then of course we had to cancel the rest of our schedule. We didn't have any team left—only Gorm and three or four scrubs." Sevensesen paused to relight his cigar. "Well, all this left the school feeling cheated somehow. By rights, Gorm should have been a hero, coming in at the last minute and saving the game, but it hadn't worked out that way and nobody knew what to make of it. Gorm wandered around the campus with a vacant smile on his face, trying to make the best of it, but the student body looked the other way. 'Why aren't you dead?' was what they seemed to have in mind. Of course, they didn't say it in so many words, most of them, but that's what they felt and Gorm could sense it. Finally it got to be too much for him, and one evening in March he parked his bags and left. He had determined to devote what remained of his life to helping others. With this in mind, he went to South America as a missionary."

Nobody spoke for a moment. "Well, that was very interesting," said Harry.



"Greatest little half-time speech I've ever heard."

GORM *continued*

"It was about a year ago," Seven-
sen went on, "that I ran into Pistol
Pete Minetti at the Explorers' Club.
In South America he had run across
Gorm's trail. It was a legend of the
smiling, golden-haired god who had
come to the land of the head-hunters
and taught them the ways of the north.
Even after his death they cherished his
memory, and each year the two most
savage tribes met for a game and
the ceremonial head-hunters' football
dance which followed. It wasn't foot-
ball as we think of it, Pete said. The
field was a half mile long with a stream
in the middle of it, and the players
kept all their weapons. Still, they did
hold to some of the old traditions:
they had a trophy and a water boy
and goal posts and the like. So when
it comes to adding up the score, it may
be that Gorm's name will lead the rest.
At least we know he died happy, teach-
ing others the game he loved."

Sevenesen got up and started putting
on his coat. "Yes," he said, "Pete did
some bartering with the natives be-
fore he left; he tried to bargain for the
trophy, but they refused to trade. Pete
had hoped to bring it back to Egyptian
Normal as a memento, but then—
perhaps it was better the other way.
In death as in life, Pete said, Gorm
had a smile on his face."

OUT OF CHARACTER



RAPID REDBIRD

During baseball's off season this rest-
less lad played pro football. But he
was best known as a big league out-
fielder, third baseman and pitcher.
In the 1911 World Series he stole five
bases and batted .500 to lead the St.
Louis Cards to victory. Reckless en-
thusiasm marked the play of:

Foster Martin



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and the
stockholder
agree:



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PORSCHE SPEEDSTER ON TRIAL

Jewellike and fast as always, a familiar high-performance sports car in the high-priced field turns up at a new low price—under \$3,000, that is

by JOHN BENTLEY

Out of West Germany five years ago emerged a low-slung, racy German automobile which revolutionized all previous concepts of what could be expected of a short wheelbase and a small, four-cylinder engine. Last creation of the old German master, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, the tiny car swept through a stunning series of racing victories and quickly won a worldwide following. Air-cooled and rear-

engine, it also featured aerodynamic styling and comfort which were years ahead of its contemporaries. This month the latest of a line of Porsche models arrived in the U.S.: the Speedster, first of a new medium-priced series. To give the new car a thorough test, SI sent Motor Sports columnist John Bentley out to Linden airport in New Jersey to put the Speedster through its paces. His report follows:

THE Speedster which Hoffman of New York rolled out on the line for me was a vivid, bright-red production model with black top and upholstery and the 55-hp engine of the earlier America model. Slightly higher on the sides than its predecessors, it nonetheless had the characteristic low, sleek look which is a Porsche trademark, and in the heavy New York traffic I quickly discovered that the car had all of the Porsche's quick and sensitive handling qualities as well. In fact, its low-range liveliness and flexibility are perhaps the Speedster's greatest assets, a result of the "lugging" camshaft and lower compression of its engine as compared with previous models.

Handled as a sports job, using second gear freely, the car jumps at the touch of the throttle—yet it will haul away in overdrive from 20 mph. The fantastically smooth and quick synchromesh transmission can be used to gain split seconds but also permits fool-

proof, noiseless shifting at any speed even by nonexperts.

Out at the airport, the Speedster's acceleration shoved me back in the seat getting away. It is only $\frac{3}{16}$ ths of a second slower from zero to 30 mph than the 70-hp, far more expensive, earlier model Super, and $\frac{7}{16}$ ths slower to 50 mph. Thence the gap widens, but the Speedster is still superior in that range to any comparable machine, and if you want V8 flexibility from a four-cylinder engine, something has got to suffer. In this case, the debit is in the somewhat flat top-end acceleration. The car ate up a quarter-mile before the clock hit 70 and was just up to 80 when we hit the end of the runway. There's no doubt, however, that the peak 90 mph speed at 4,400 rpm can be reached.

In the stretch and on corners, the Speedster proved to be a high-performing and responsive car. Nosing around sharp turns at full bore, it had less of the Porsche tendency to oversteer, or dive toward the inside of a curve. The tail resisted efforts to break it loose in a slide; and when it did, the feather-light yet high-gear steering corrected easily and fast.

The fitted aluminum brakes of the Porsche are large enough to stop a car twice its weight; even for panic stops, you need little more pressure than with power brakes. As to comfort, the torsion bar suspension swallowed bumps, ruts and cobblestones at any speed with a plushlike absence of pitching or bouncing that is amazing with such a short wheelbase.

The Speedster chassis is identical with that of the America model. The steel body by Reuter retains to its waistline the same graceful, streamlined contours. Interior trim, however, is more functional: gone are such accessories as radio, clock, ashtray and glove compartment. The only glass is in the curved panoramic windshield; and a lightweight folding top takes care of weatherproofing. It is so easy to raise that feminine hands can perform the job in one motion; but securing it to the windshield by its twin straps is another matter. This takes skill and strong fingers; the body builder seems to have erred toward oversimplification—an error that could easily be corrected by thinner straps with metal tips.

With top down, the high sides of the Speedster provide ample protec-

PERFORMANCE AT A GLANCE

Acceleration 0—30 mph: 4.4 sec.
through gears 0—60 mph: 14.8 sec.
(average of 3 runs) 0—70 mph: 21.4 sec.
(2nd & 3rd) 30—50 mph: 4.9 sec.
Standing $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile: 21.4 sec.
Maximum speed obtained 80 mph
Brake test (asphalt surface) From
30 mph: 27 ft. 6 in.
45 mph: 60 ft. 2 in.
60 mph: 116 ft. 9 in.
Gas consumption (including heavy traffic and all tests) 17.4 mpg
Weather: Dry & Warm (80°); slight breeze
Speedometer correction: At 80 mph, read 82 mph; 2.4% fast.



SPEEDSTER ENGINE, easily accessible in rear, is marvel of power and compactness.



AT HIGH SPEED, Speedster corners well and features Pullman-carlike absorption of road shocks. Livebelter through gears than America Coupe, it is ideal for nonracers.

tion as you sit deep in the car, shielded from drafts. But with the top up, the car unfortunately brings to mind an armored vehicle. The side screens just miss a snug fit; their Plexiglas panels, only 5½ inches high, have an oppressive feeling of turret slits. Also in the gripe department: while leg room is ample, headroom isn't. There is barely enough clearance (about two inches, hatless) for a tall man. The adjustable bucket seats, furthermore, are not for the plump. Maximum hip width is a tight 12 inches, widening to 14 inches at the forward edge, but since there are seven inches of elbow room between

the outside seat arms and the doors, the seats could easily be widened.

The first shipment of Speedsters due this week—vanguard of an 80-car monthly import schedule—will also offer a choice of bridal white with red interior. But whichever color you choose, its heavily chromed wheels are most attractive, as are the chrome rubbing strips which give the car a longer, lower look—an excellent Detroit idea. The instrument panel includes the usual tachometer and speedometer, tell-tale lights for generator and oil pressure, and an oil temperature gauge superbly calibrated both in centigrade and Fahrenheit. Why not simply fix this dial and throw in an ashtray?

The Porsche has always been an overpriced car—and so the news that the Speedster is tagged at \$2,995 is perhaps the biggest news of all to budget-conscious sports-car fans who have been eying Porsches hungrily for years. This \$300 reduction from the lowest-priced model of previous years has been effected without any sacrifice in basic quality; the Speedster is an ideal all-round sports car for nonracing enthusiasts. Equipped with the 70-hp Super engine at \$400 additional cost, it should prove unbeatable in the production racing class. Either way, the Speedster can look forward to a big American future.



SPEEDSTER INTERIOR is more functional, less flashy than costly predecessor.

SPECIFICATIONS

engine and chassis

No. of cylinders	4 (opposed)
Bore	3.15 in.
Stroke	2.91 in.
Displacement	80.76 cu. in.
Compression ratio	7:1
Maximum output	55 bhp @ 4,400 rpm
Bore/stroke ratio	1.02
Bhp per cu. in.	.65
Valves	Overhead—pushrod
Carburetors	Two Solex Downdraft Type 32 PBI
Transmission	Four-speed Synchronesh Built-in Overdrive
Overall ratios	O/D: 3.56 3rd: 4.94 2nd: 7.72 1st: 13.92
Rear axle ratio	4.375

Piston speed (@ 4,400 rpm)	2,112 fpm
Mph per 1,000 rpm (O/D)	20.69
Weight (curb-car tested)	1,715 lbs.
Power/weight ratio	\$1.18 lbs./bhp
Turning diameter	33 ft.
Steering wheel turns (lock to lock)	2
Tire size	600 x 16
Brake lining area	128 sq. in.
Gas tank capacity (gallons)	13

measurements

Wheelbase	83 in.
Tread (Front)	50½ in.
(Rear)	49¼ in.
Overall length	155¼ in.
width	65¾ in.
height (top up)	48¼ in.
Minimum ground clearance	6¼ in.
Luggage space (approx.)	9 cu. ft.
Rear window area	178 sq. in.
Maximum interior width	51 in.



QUEEN NANCY (LEFT) AND EX-QUEEN JOAN RIDE INTO GARDEN'S BRIGHT LIGHTS

QUEEN OF THE RODEO

A couple of Eastern sisters have twice beaten the competition to win the crown of New York's annual tribute to the great cowhand

THERE'S no getting around the fact that October in Madison Square Garden is the World Series to rodeo riders. It's an event where 14,000 people a night get together over a span of three weeks to watch the absolute top performers in trick riding, calf roping and bronco busting. Roy Rogers is the head man of the show—he's that movie guy with the chuck-wagon warble.

This month a couple of Eastern girls named Nancy and Joan Chambers have been featured. Their father is a horse dealer in an upstate New York town, Montgomery. They managed to make mild history at the Garden this year because Nancy became the official queen just two years after her sister had done the same thing. Both made it at the age of 18, which is the youngest age at which you are eligible to compete for the honor.

A SIMPLE, COMPLICATED BUSINESS

The way you get to be the queen of the rodeo is almost as simple as it is complicated. First of all, you've got to get sponsored by a dude ranch. This was simple enough for Nancy and Joan because their father has friends who own and operate the Cimarron Ranch in Putnam Valley, N.Y. They were born and brought up with horses all over the place. In fact, Mr. Chambers journeys out West early every spring where he buys up a lot of them—usually 30 to

40—for breeding and selling back East.

Both girls have taken turns going out with him on these buying trips. This spring they didn't go because, early in May, they cut out on their own to "make the horse shows." With their steeds they took off in a two-ton truck to barnstorm through New York, New Jersey and New England. They managed to pick up enough prize money at rodeos here and there to cover expenses and show a reasonable profit.

When they get to a town where they're going to ride for money, they don't go to a hotel or a motel. They go to the stable where their horses stay. They spread out their cots (sometimes air mattresses) and sleep cheaply but well.

They started riding early in their lives. Joan, the queen of two years ago, first got into the saddle at the age of three. Nancy, this year's rodeo royalty, didn't get going until the ripe old age of four. But she caught up fast.

To top the queen's crown at the Garden rodeo you have to beat out 20 to 30 other ranch-sponsored girls, all between the ages of 18 and 25. (This year Nancy had to beat out 27 of them.) You get the judges' nod on the basis of 45% horsemanship, 40% on how your horse performs, 15% on your personality and looks.

Ex-queen Joan is a handy girl around a horse hostelry. She actually shoes her

own horse. She also dreams up, and then makes, the outfits that both she and Nancy wear in their public exhibitions. She's got an excited way about her that seems to transfer itself to horses.

For instance this year she was ineligible to compete as queen (once you win it you're through). But she was in the Garden show just the same, as a barrel-racer. A barrel-racer is a rider who races her horse around three barrels set in clover-leaf formation on the dirt floor of the Garden. If you knock a barrel over, you're out. If you don't, a stop watch has you clocked down to the split second. And to the fastest goes a daily prize of \$25. Joan came in first on all of the first three barrel-races this year.

A HUNDRED A WEEK—PLUS PRIZES

As to being queen, Nancy says that all you really have to do after winning the honor is to ride out on your horse when the band's fanfare opens the show. You are introduced, along with the officials, to the crowd. You take your bow and then, with your long hair streaming under your hat which is usually custard colored and shaped true western style, you shoot out the exit. The last that the big crowd sees of the queen is a pair of young, flashing legs in tight, cowgirl pants, apparently headed for the last round-up. For this, the queen is paid a hundred dollars a week, plus prizes.

It's nice work when you get it. Joan and Nancy don't intend to leave the horse-show business. They have no college in mind. For them, the trail will lead, again, to this hamlet and that. It doesn't make much difference where, as long as there's a rodeo with a chance to ride for the money. They'll set out again next May, be back at the Garden next fall. They're what you might call horse-happy.

Nancy has been busy with a lot of other things besides horses. She graduated from high school last June and, during her years there, she did a lot more than homework. She was queen of her Junior Prom, played the lead part in her senior play, and was cheerleader for the pigskin luggers.

It seems unfair, though, to screen out one character who had a lot to do with Nancy becoming queen. That's a horse named Sue—Nancy's own. Sue is a Quarter Horse, bought by Mr. Chambers in Oklahoma on one of his buying trips a few years ago. There's no question in Nancy's mind that Sue should share the glory of being crowned this year's queen of the rodeo.

—DUANE DECKER

YOU SHOULD KNOW:

if you are taking up riding

Ancient ancestry

RIDING a horse is one of the world's most ancient sporting pastimes. The Hittite tribes were doing it back in 1400 B.C. The Assyrians, Egyptians and Greeks were all horsey people. They enjoyed it and so will you if your interest in horses goes beyond the tote board at Belmont Park.

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The horse is your friend

You'll do well to remember that in this sport your instrument of enjoyment is not an inanimate bat, mallet or racket. A horse is a highly intelligent creature of moods and personality. He is by nature a willing and sociable animal. Strange objects and happenings can scare him, but meet him halfway with kindness and understanding and riding will be a pleasant experience for both of you.

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The joy of riding

Riding can be fun with a partner, a group or by yourself. But you must know how to manage your mount. Each ride will be different, as no two horses are exactly the same in personality, responses or disposition. Every horse has his own quirks and the same horse can behave differently from day to day depending on weather, surroundings and his physical condition. After you've ridden a bit, you'll develop a preference for certain horses just as you do for certain people. Riding can be a never-ending new discovery if you learn properly.

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Learn correctly . . .

Anyone can learn to ride. You're never really too young or too old. But styles in riding vary tremendously. Some are designed for highly specialized work. Others are mere faddish idiosyncrasies. The proper basic instruction will show you how to handle both yourself and your horse at a walk, trot and canter in a standard English saddle. Since riding is largely a matter of balance and control, you should have no difficulty in switching later to a specialized style. But learn the fundamentals first. As in most sports, it is largely a matter of practice and experience, but a good foundation is essential for maximum pleasure and safety.

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. . . to avoid trouble

Don't be deceived by the well-meaning friend who tells you that riding is a cinch and there's nothing to it. Never try to teach yourself or you'll risk picking up bad habits, have a generally unpleasant time and maybe injure yourself. The untutored rider abuses himself and his mount. Many beginners find to their chagrin that the horse they draw at the stable is a clever soul who, once he gets the idea that you're not properly taught, will pull every dodge in the book to make it easy for himself and hard for you. Take him into a ring and he'll doze quietly in the center. He may wander out to the gate and stare wistfully back at his stall or trot out to the park and stop to lunch on the greenery. You'll get a good ride from your horse only when you've learned to ask him for it.

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Where to learn

Most cities and towns have riding academies where instruction is available. Classified directories will give you their locations. Many academies offer both private and group lessons. Schools and camps usually have only group lessons and smaller stables with a limited stock of horses are apt to provide private tutoring only. The quality of horses and teachers varies widely. Consult your horsey friends about the best place, or go down and look around for yourself. Observe how much attention the students get from their instructor and how it is given. Take the physical aspects of the place into consideration too. An enclosed ring means you can ride in all kinds of weather, a lighted ring means you can ride at night after work, and so forth.

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Private lessons

Private lessons are best at the beginning as you'll get special attention and instruction will be tailor-made to your needs. It's expensive—maybe \$5 to

continued on next page

YOU SHOULD KNOW continued

\$8 an hour—but well worth it. For small children and timid adults, private instruction is even more necessary. Take several short lessons a week at the start instead of fewer long ones, so that your muscles can get used to the idea. The time it takes to learn depends completely on you, but after 10 hours of private tutoring most neophytes can start, stop, turn, post a trot, sit a canter and use hands, feet, legs, weight and voice, albeit imperfectly. No one is a good rider at this stage. At this point you may want to join a class. These consist usually of five to 15 riders and cost about \$3 to \$4 an hour. You may not get individual attention, but you will be helped and corrected while gaining experience in handling a horse in a group. Many stables have graded classes, so you can move up as quickly as you learn. If you start taking lessons in the fall, you should be able to venture forth with some confidence when spring appears.

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Clothes

Riding clothes are designed for comfort and safety. Proper clothes are worth the investment. Make sure your footwear fits snugly. Don't use loafers as the heel may slip through the stirrup. The high-heeled cowboy boot is not designed for correct position in the English type stirrup and position is important, for it adds to proper balance. Pants should fit snugly to avoid friction and chafing on the knee and leg. Get used to wearing gloves, preferably leather. They'll prevent blisters in warm weather and are necessary when it turns cold. Any type of sport shirt will do. That goes for headgear, too. For your first outfit, cotton gabardine jodhpurs and low-priced jod boots will be best. These shouldn't cost you more than \$25.

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Group riding

Courtesy and alertness are important. Stay at least a length behind the horse in front of you. It's dangerous to get closer. You may get kicked. Watch your mount for nipping or kicking and punish him immediately. Don't urge your horse on loudly or you may upset another, more spirited horse in the group. Never gallop up behind another horse. Pass other horses at a slow speed or you may frighten them into bolting. If you're on a path, move over to let others pass and keep the horse's head toward the side on which he will be passed. When out of the saddle, avoid sudden movements that may scare your mount.

• • •

Take care

You needn't be afraid of horses. Just be careful. Don't sneak up on your horse suddenly or unannounced. He may strike out with a hoof if he is startled; his first reaction is a defensive one. Learn how to lead your horse properly. Even if he steps on your foot by mistake, it will hurt. Don't wrap the lead strap around your hand. You might sprain it if the animal shies from something. When feeding him a carrot or a lump of sugar, hold it in the flat palm of your hand and he'll eat nicely. Hold food up to him in your fingers and you may lose one.

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Books

No book can teach you to ride, but reading may help you understand what you're doing and why. Some of the standbys are *Horsemanship for Beginners* by Jean Slaughter (\$3.75, Knopf), *Common Sense Horsemanship* by Capt. Vladimir S. Littauer (\$7.50, Van Nostrand), *Riding and Schooling Horses* by Brig. Gen. Harry D. Chamberlin (\$5.00, Van Nostrand) and *Teaching the Young to Ride* by Margaret Cabell Self (\$3.00, Barnes). Just remember to use good judgment when you ride. Don't overrate your ability, avoid recklessness and you'll find that riding can be one of your most rewarding pleasures.

by **The Know-it-all**



ANNIVERSARY AT WINGED FOOT

"Golf's Greatest Putt" is re-enacted 25 years after the 1929 Open

by HERBERT WARREN WIND



JONES' FAMOUS PUTT, recorded in painting above, was attempted by (from top to bottom) Tommy Armour, Craig Wood, Gene Sarazen and Johnny Farrell. Jones (seated at left, in dark suit) watched as each of them just failed to drop it. At club dinner, Winged Foot presented Jones with silver plaque inscribed with Grantland Rice's 51 story, "Golf's Greatest Putt."

The Winged Foot Golf Club in Maroneck, N.Y. may well be the only club in the country where a 20-handicap member may find himself asked to fill out a foursome which includes two former National Open champions and a former National Amateur champion. Craig Wood and Mr. T. D. Armour are members as are Dick Chapman and Ted Bishop and, to carry on just a ways, so are Tom Robbins, Jimmy McHale and Joe Gagliardi. All down the membership, Winged Foot is distinguished by its furious devotion to golf.

If there was any one event which implanted Winged Foot's heritage, it was the 1929 National Open, the first championship to which the club was host. As is well known to all golfers and especially to those who read Grantland Rice's superb story, "Golf's Greatest Putt," (SI, Aug. 16), that Open was eventually won by Bob Jones in a play-off with Al Espinosa after Jones had gained a tie by holing a mean sidehill putt of some 14 feet on the last green. That happened a quarter of a century ago, and last Saturday its silver anniversary was celebrated at Winged Foot.

It was a wonderfully mellow autumn day and it was an evocative day and altogether the kind of a day which, rising miles above the big business and the social industry that are inseparable parts of golf, knocked you over with the full fragrance of golf, the game of golf. First there was a four-ball exhibition, with Bob Jones refereeing a match between four of his contemporaries, all former National Open winners—Craig Wood and Tommy Armour re. Gene Sarazen and John Farrell. Wood and Sarazen hit the ball beautifully, Farrell holed a 40-footer, and Armour, the John Barrymore of golf, added just enough horseplay by sending Lou Galby, one of his assistants at Boca Raton, into a sandtrap to play an explosion shot for him. This was probably the first appearance in golf history of a pinch-hitter.

Then, with the spectators grouped

around the 18th green, Bob Jones was asked to point out the spot where the cup was located on the final day of the 1929 Open. He did, and the green-keeper neatly cut a new hole on the old sidehill site. The members of the foursome came forward, one by one, spotted a ball where Jones' had lain some 14 feet from the cup, and tried to hole the putt—and since Jones was going to let his performance in 1929 represent him, they really tried. Armour went first. He missed, on the "pro's side." Wood's putt curled off the left-to-right roll a shade too fast. So did Sarazen's. Farrell just missed the lip on the left. At this juncture, Joe Dey of the U.S.G.A. introduced "a young lady" whom he felt Jones would be very happy to see again since she had helped him so much so often: "Calamity Jane," Bob's old putter. Using Calamity Jane, Claude Harmon, the home pro, took his crack at the putt, and missed. Sarazen tried again with Calamity Jane—no. Then Wood, Armour, Farrell, Harmon again, Sarazen once more, Findlay Douglas (our Amateur champion in '98), Joe Dey and Homer Johnson, the Winged Foot's president. They were all good putts but none of them dropped.

THE ONE AND ONLY

The presence of Jones, of course, was what gave the re-enactment its curious magic. His presence always does. Above and beyond his humor, his competence and his deep charm, there is in Bob Jones a strain of human greatness, something completely native and natural to him, as it is to a man like Churchill, and this quality communicates itself to all who are in his company and instantly enriches their lives. There was always something special about Jones. After sinking that 14-footer in 1929, for example, Bob went to the U.S.G.A. tent to find out what time his play-off with Al Espinosa was scheduled to begin next morning. Sunday. It was set for nine. "Why don't we start at 10?" Bob suggested. "Al will probably want to get to church."

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TENNIS

THAT CUP AGAIN

The U.S. captain reports on our win in Mexico and the selections for the trip to Australia



HAM RICHARDSON

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

IN THE approximately ten weeks left of 1954, news from the gridiron and, later, the basketball courts will crowd the sport pages from Maine to California. Almost unnoticed will be the token recognition of another sport, opening 4,000 miles away. In Australia, it's tennis time and this biggest of all crowd-pleasers Down Under is starting its new season.

It is difficult for Americans to realize how big a sport tennis is to the Australians. Last week the announcement of the U.S. Davis Cup team, consisting of Vic Seixas, our champion, Tony Trabert, Ham Richardson and myself was covered here by the wire services in a few small paragraphs. But what was brief sports page news in the U.S. was on Page One and filled the sports and editorial columns in the land of 9 million people below the equator. The tempo will reach fantastic proportions from Dec. 27 to 29, when the Challenge Round matches are played at White City Stadium in Sydney. In Australia, these matches are like the World Series, the Kentucky Derby and the Army-Navy football game all rolled into one. Everybody will be on the Davis Cup bandwagon.

For the last three years we have reached the Challenge Round only to go down before the Aussies on the turf at Sydney, Adelaide and Melbourne.

This year, before crossing this final bridge, we must defeat the strong European zone winner, Sweden, led by Sven Davidson and Lennart Bergelin. On individual performances over the years, we should handle this without too much trouble, but strange things can happen. As captain, I'm preparing myself for many uneasy moments at the Milton courts in Brisbane.

Speaking of uneasy moments, we had plenty of them in Mexico City a fortnight ago before we finally beat the Mexican team 4-1 in the last round of the North American zone. At seven thousand feet altitude in the El Centro Deportivo Chapultepec Stadium these unsung Latinos are tough tennis players. Gustavo Palafox, with brilliant touch, defeated Seixas 6-4, 6-4, 7-5 in the opening encounter. In the second match, Trabert defeated a fiery, fighting Mario Llamas in three close sets. We squeaked through the doubles in four sets on the second day, and Seixas decided the tie by winning the fourth points against Llamas 6-4, 2-6, 6-3, 6-2.

WHISTLES AND CUSHIONS

With the U.S. leading 3-1, I decided to play Ed Moylan, who was on a Davis Cup team for the first time, in the final match against 17-year-old Esteban Reyes, who was substituting for Palafox. But the Mexicans didn't



Art by [unclear]

like this. When the announcement was made, they let loose with boos, whistles and the throwing of cushions onto the court. It subsided only when both captains agreed to go back to the original schedule: Palafox vs. Trabert. Trabert was in full command after the first set and won 14-12, 6-1, 6-2.

We depart from the U.S. for Australia as a team in early November. We'll be lonelier than last year; there will be no wives accompanying us, but in my opinion the USLTA was wise in this decision. Certainly, last year wives created no problems, but if the going gets rough for the team they won't serve as additional fodder for the ever-hungry press.

THE BIG "IF"

The Davis Cup quest goes almost unnoticed in the U.S. until it reaches the stretch. That's where we are now, and I know that Seixas, Trabert and Richardson are primed for the run. I feel Richardson is the most improved younger player in the country and this year he'll be available from the beginning. In 1953 he arrived three weeks late and the handicap was too much. Seixas, with an in-and-out season, has assured me that this is his year in the Davis Cup. He has been on three losing teams and he is determined to come back a winner this time. In the vital doubles with its one point, Trabert and Seixas have the best record of the year in international play. They are a well-coordinated, able team. The big "if" of the U.S. chances is Tony Trabert. A confident, happy Trabert is the best player in the world and capable of contributing two big singles points.

Two younger players will be sent along with the team to compete in Australian tournaments to gain experience. The choice has fallen on 17-year-old Mike Green of Miami Beach and Gerald Moss, our 18-year-old National Junior Champion from Modesto Junior College, Calif. Mike came out the winner in the gigantic Junior Chamber of Commerce tournament, and both are from Jack Kramer's group (SI, Aug. 23).

Whatever the outcome, it will be an exciting trip for everybody. Last year, in the interzone final, we played the Belgians in Brisbane before 6,000 people. This year we will play Sweden—in a stadium now seating 12,000. In the Challenge Round there will be some 26,000 spectators crowding the biggest tennis stadium in the world at Sydney—nearly twice as many as can get into Forest Hills. Those Aussies really love the game.





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WHITE-JERSEYED ROCKET RICHARD FIRES ONE OF HIS TWO GOALS TO LEAD MONTREAL TO 4-2 WIN OVER CHICAGO

THE HOCKEY WARS RESUME

A great northern sport launches its six-month spectacle of speed, precision and thrills. And once again the champion Red Wings are the team to watch

MAJOR LEAGUE ice hockey has never pretended to imitate major league baseball—although their seasons virtually overlap at both ends. But last week, as the National Hockey League opened its 38th season, U.S. and Canadian fans sensed that hockey, too, has its New York Yankees. Their names: the Detroit Red Wings, who have won the NHL title six years running. In three of those years the Wings have also won the Stanley Cup post-season play-offs between the four top teams after all six clubs have finished their tedious 70-game grind. This season the Wings are favored to make it seven crowns in a






row. Montreal and Toronto are regarded as the only serious contenders. Both hope to throw a jolt into the champs.

As a fiery sidelight to the team race this season, fans hope to see a renewal of the famous scoring duel between two of hockey's greatest right wingers: Detroit's Gordie Howe (242 goals in eight seasons) and Montreal's Maurice (Rocket) Richard (384 goals in 12 years). Before the opener Howe said he considered team play more important than his goals. The Rocket kept mum. That night's results: Detroit edged Toronto 2-1 as Howe missed six scoring chances; Montreal beat Chicago 4-2 with Richard scoring twice.

ALTHOUGH DETROIT WON OPENER OVER TORONTO, 2-1, RED WINGS ACE GORDIE HOWE (AT RIGHT) FAILED TO SCORE



National Hockey League Preview

CLUB <small>CLUB—LINDSAY KNOWLES</small>	COACH	TEAM PROSPECTS
<p>1 Detroit Red Wings</p> <p>GEN. MANG.—JACK ADAMS ARENA—OLYMPIA STADIUM</p> <p>The seemingly invincible defending Stanley Cup champions are shooting for their seventh straight NHL title. Most home games are Thursday, Saturday and Sunday at 8:30. Prices are scaled from \$1.39 to \$3.59 in the 12,500-seat stadium.</p>	 <p>Rookie Jim Skinner, 36, is up from the efficient Detroit farm system replacing Coach Tom Ivas, who moved to Chicago as general manager. Skinner inherits a stand-out club with Kelly, Lindsay, Sawchuk and Howe already established among hockey's greats as individual and team stars. Rookie Skinner's problem: starting with a top team, he will be expected to win.</p>	<p>"Production Line" of Delvecchio centering for Howe and Lindsay probably the best in existence. Returning forwards Skov, Lewicki, Pavlich, Frytal, Reibel are all reliable skaters. Kelly, Wolf, Pronovost and Goldham make up rugged defensive corps and Sawchuk is as good as they come in the nets. Peters retired but Benin and Poile have come up from Edmonton. The Wings, in almost every expert's opinion, figure to repeat.</p>
<p>2 Montreal Les Canadiens</p> <p>MAN. DIR.—FRANK BELKE ARENA—MONTREAL FORUM</p> <p>LES CANADIENS, usually colorful, always rough, have missed the play-offs only once in 12 years. Each of the 15,331 Forum seats has been sold for every game since 1945. Prices are \$1.50 to \$3.25 for Thursday at 8:30, Saturday at 8:15.</p>	 <p>Dick Irvin, 62-year-old senior NHL coach, goes into his 15th Montreal season with a problem at center and goal, each and McNeil having retired. However, Irvin feels he has no worries. "We'll be stronger than last year," he reports. "Everyone at the beginning of the season thinks they're going to finish in first place. If they don't, they should."</p>	<p>A sure bet for one of the three top spots, Montreal's skill changes may depend on the goal-tending shift of Plante, a hot replacement for McNeil last year, but now faced with his first 76-game stretch of major opposition. In front of him Harvey is great. Age may slow down Bourdard and Richard, but Bellevue, Moore and Geoffrion should improve. Newcomers at centers: Marchand (already injured) and LeClair, right winger Latsenberger.</p>
<p>3 Toronto Maple Leafs</p> <p>MAN. DIR.—CONN SMYTHE ARENA—MAPLE LEAF GDN.</p> <p>HOCKEY CRAZY Toronto hasn't seen the Leafs finish first since 1945. New General Manager Clarence Day thinks that may be the year. Home games are every Saturday, some Wednesdays, at 8:00. The prices for 12,546 seats, from \$1.25 to \$3.50.</p>	 <p>Coach King Clancy, 51, did well last season and thinks his club is 20% stronger now and that "we have a helluva chance." King, ex-Leaf star and an NHL referee, is banking on top performances from veterans Smith, Lunney and Thomson, and thinks Capt. Kennedy will have another fine year. Clancy plans to eliminate "cheap penalties" by fining \$25 fines at all chronic offenders.</p>	<p>Only three newcomers can expect to find berths on the new Leaf club. Goz is Craghton, acquired in a trade for Flamen from Boston. The others are Rookies Cahan and Cullen. Much depends on Vezina Trophy-winning goalie Lunney, Capt. Kennedy and the hoped-for improvement of Armstrong, Horton, Bailey, Belvin, Bolton and Nesterenko. Clancy, dissenting from popular opinion, says that Montreal, not Detroit, may be toughest.</p>
<p>4 Boston Bruins</p> <p>PRES.—WALTER BROWN ARENA—BOSTON GARDEN</p> <p>MANAGER COACH—LYNN PATRICK got the Bruins into the play-offs a year ago, may have a tougher time of it this season. Most home games are Sundays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30. Tickets for 13,969 seats go from 70c to \$3.50.</p>	 <p>Lynn Patrick, 42, son of Lester Patrick, the first Ranger coach, is in for trouble if Goz Henry, a strong backbone in recent years, tires during the long pull. Lynn likely won't get as much out of Schmidt, new in his 16th season, but he says, "This is the most spirited and balanced team I've had in Boston. Fast and aggressive, nobody's going to push us around."</p>	<p>All Bruin hands must come through with a top showing if club is to move up. Loss of Craghton to Toronto and retirement of Fillion will hurt scoring punch unless Mohs, Chevrefille, Mackell and Sandford find the range and stay with it. Defensively Flamen will throw his weight around plenty. Final standings may depend on how well the team, never known for its precision play-making, can do against the play-off-hungry Black Hawks and the arch-rival young Rangers.</p>
<p>5 New York Rangers</p> <p>MANAGER—F. BOUCHER ARENA—MADISON SQ. GDN.</p> <p>LAUNCHING their 29th NHL season, Ranger officials gloomily recall but three titles and second division finishes for the last 12 years. Games are usually Sundays and Wednesdays at 8:30. Tickets for 15,284 seats: 70c to \$4.50.</p>	 <p>Murray (Muzz) Patrick, 39-year-old brother of Lynn, starts his first full season as Ranger coach after his team showed amazing improvement toward end of last year. Says optimistic Muzz, a tough pre-war Ranger defenseman, "We've got a good young club which may surprise a lot of gossip merchants who seem to feel sorry for us already."</p>	<p>Only a miracle, it seems, can keep the Rangers off the roller steps. Top goal-scorer Bergsmeier will nurse a broken leg until December. Lewicki, ex-Leaf, may fit well on line with Mickashi and Raleigh, but "kid" line of Bathgate, Murphy and Rookies Papein is untested. Goz are the Bentley's, Riese, Kullman and Buller. Returning is ex-Captain Stanley to bolster the defense, and Laprade takes over as penalty killer. Goal spot strong: Worsley, with Bower on call.</p>
<p>6 Chicago Black Hawks</p> <p>GEN. MANG.—TOMMY IVAN ARENA—CHICAGO STADIUM</p> <p>LAST PLACE finishers for six of the past eight seasons, the Hawks have undergone housecleaning from front office to bench. Chicago's hopes are highest since the war. Most games are Sunday at 8:30; 16,656 seats scaled from \$1.25 to \$4.</p>	 <p>Rookie Coach Frank Edella, 33, ex-big leaguer with N.Y. and Montreal, guided Buffalo to AHL title last year to earn the Hawks job under new General Manager Tommy Ivan. Replacing Sid Abel, Edella's chief problem "is to develop our young fellows fast." Both Ivan and Edella think they have the personnel to move into serious play-off contention.</p>	<p>Last year Hawks won only 12 games, scored a measly 139 goals. Revamped team is built around dependable, over-worked goalie Rollins, but will miss Menecke (who retired) and Fogelin (temporarily injured). Defense has been strengthened by acquisition of Heilingworth from Montreal, Martin from Boston. Other newcomers, all experienced, are Sullivan from Hershey, McCormick and Gamble from Montreal, Hassard and Tingen from Toronto.</p>

GAME OF THE WEEK:



RICE LINE RISES UP TO STOP DIVING PAT LEVENHAGEN ONE YARD FROM END ZONE

MADISON, WIS.

It could well have ended Rice 7, Wisconsin 6 but for an old-fashioned, block-busting kind of fullback named Alan Ameche who can run through a damn brick wall.

Twice in the final quarter Rice stopped Wisconsin drives within the five. Goal-line stands are rare these days and after the Owls stopped the second drive, it began to look as though they'd stop the Badgers. Then Wisconsin drove again. With 55 seconds to play, the Badgers had the ball, second down, on Rice's one. Ameche took the ball and went block-bustin' into the line. Nobody stopped him. The point was good. The score: Wisconsin 13, Rice 7.

There was a full house of 52,819 fans on hand at Camp Randall Stadium and millions more saw the game on TV. I don't know how Ameche struck the fans but he reminded me of Army's Doc Blanchard. He's a sort of Blanchard without speed, not a guy who'll break away but a guy who'll get you three or four yards every time.

Most of the time Wisconsin was working Ameche in the "belly play," so called because the quarterback places the ball in the stomach of the fullback (Ameche) on a fake, takes it away and pitches out to the halfback. But on the winning touchdown when the quarterback slammed the ball into Ameche's belly he was not faking. Ameche kept the ball and slanted off tackle for the touchdown.

This was the winning play but the

UPSET: MICHIGAN 14
IOWA 13



MICHIGAN'S JIM MADDOCK tosses Earl Smith of Iowa for three-yard loss with knee-crunching tackle in 2nd period. Later Maddock tossed winning touchdown pass.

SCORE:



JIM DECKER of U.C.L.A. clutches ball after snaring pass. Washington's Bob Cox,

WISCONSIN 13 RICE 7

by HERMAN HICKMAN

Next Week—WEST VIRGINIA vs. PENN. STATE
at State College, Pa.

day's most beautiful was the one that gave Rice its touchdown. The swing was to the right and it looked just as if Dicky Moegle, a sensational left half-back, was going to carry off tackle. But after some snappy feinting, Quarterback John Nisbet still had the ball and Moegle was busy deceiving. Nisbet threw a pass to Left End Lamoine Holland, the only receiver downfield. Holland was all alone, 15 yards away, in the end zone.

First time Wisconsin scored, Ameche bucked over after a 70-yard first-period march. Later in the quarter came Rice's score and that's the way it stood when the second half began. Then, when it counted most, Wisconsin was the better team. The Badgers used masked seven- and eight-man lines: lines that look like sevens or eights until a pass is thrown. Then a lot of men drop back and you see it's only a four or five. Rice went with a straight seven-man line for the most part but the ends went wide to cover flankers.

Moegle, with his great running and pass catching was Rice's best threat. He had some pretty flashy advance billing but he's a pretty flashy back and he lived up to it. Ameche was solid and that couldn't have surprised anyone. He's been Wisconsin's best ground-gainer for three years.

For Coach Jess Neely it was a heart-breaker and, of course, for unbeaten Wisconsin it was a fine victory. For all the fans, TV and in person, the game was just perfect—clean, well played and exciting.



ALAN AMECHE, "A BLANCHARD WITHOUT SPEED," DRIVES DEEP INTO RICE TERRITORY

U.C.L.A. 21 WASHINGTON 20



in pursuit, brought Huskies near upset with own passes.

ROUT: ARMY 60 DARTMOUTH 6



ARMY HALFBACK Tom Bell speeds past Dartmouth's Bill Beagle who sprawls after desperate lunge. Bell kept speeding, covered 45 yards on first-quarter run.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

for

Games of Saturday, Oct. 16th

• **Wisconsin vs. Purdue.** The Boiler-makers came from behind to tie Duke. In Madison a fullback by the name of Ameche blasted Rice 13-7. Either way but... **WISCONSIN.**

• **Duke vs. Army.** Army is improving week by week. It's a tough one at Durham, where no Southern hospitality is intended... **DUKE.**

• **Penn State vs. West Virginia.** The Mountaineers were not impressive last week in their 13-7 win over George Washington. The Nittany Lions continued their winning ways. Both are undefeated. **PENN STATE.**

• **Tennessee vs. Alabama.** This will be a toe-to-toe struggle. It could be a tie, but... **ALABAMA.**

• **Ohio State vs. Iowa.** The Buckeyes get warmer and warmer. However, Iowa could be right to hand them their first setback. **IOWA.**

• **U.C.L.A. vs. Stanford.** The Uclans were pressed by Washington. The gallant Stanford Indians were finally brought to bay by Navy last Saturday. U.C.L.A. was ripe for an upset, but not this week. **U.C.L.A.**

• **Notre Dame vs. Michigan State.** The Spartans finally hit pay dirt last Saturday. This game could be a dilly. My hunch is—**NOTRE DAME.**

• **Iowa State vs. Colorado.** Iowa State has been surprisingly strong, but the men from Boulder have their eyes set on the Orange Bowl. **COLORADO.**

• **Yale vs. Cornell.** The howls of the Wolves can be heard far above Cayuga's waters. The Elis have three workmanlike wins. **YALE.**

• **Oregon vs. Southern California.** This is the TV game of the week and might decide the Rose Bowl representative. The Trojans have the horses. **SOUTHERN CAL.**

ALSO:

Georgia Tech over Auburn

Texas over Arkansas

Princeton over Brown

Oklahoma over Kansas

Navy over Pitt

Minnesota over Illinois

Rice over Southern Methodist

Arizona over Idaho

Florida over Kentucky

California over Washington State

Mississippi over Tulane

T.C.U. over Texas A. & M.

Maryland over North Carolina

Colgate over Dartmouth

Virginia Tech over Richmond

Last week's hunches:

17 right, 5 wrong, 2 ties

Record to date: 61-19-3

FOOTBALL

LOST PLATOON

Free substitution had its points, but football is a better game without it

by HERMAN HICKMAN



COL. BLAIK

JUST A YEAR AGO the most hotly discussed and discussed rule change since the beginning of college football went into effect. When the N.C.A.A. Rules Committee abolished the misnamed two platoon system by the simple expediency of not allowing a player to return to the game in the same quarter in which he was taken out for a substitute (except for the last four minutes of the second and fourth quarters), cries of "horse and buggy football" and "a return to the dark ages" rent the air. The most rending came from the majority of successful—that is, winning—coaches. Screams of agony could be heard distinctly from the citadels at South Bend, Atlanta and the fortress above the Hudson. Yet at the end of last fall's campaign these bastions still stood, to all intents and purposes impregnable.

Today there is hardly a murmur against the new-old rule except for a few diehards and losing coaches. Sage Lou Little of Columbia, who is head of the coaches' advisory rules committee, once said: "There is no legislation that will help an inferior football team." The good ones are still winning and poor ones are still losing.

There is no doubt that the most efficient way to play football is through the medium of free substitution. However, by 1932 the offensive and defensive units had evolved into punting teams, kick-off returning and covering groups, and extra-point units. In another few years, if the Rules Committee had not wisely stepped in, there is no telling just how far the specialization would have gone.

CENTER FOR THE KICKER

The proponents of free substitution claimed that this rule gave some players a chance to play football who could not have otherwise, and that it enabled more men to play in a game. Actually, statistics show that more men on the average played in games last year than under the free substitution rule. This fall the number is even larger, with many coaches substituting separate

units at a time but playing both on offense and defense. It may be true that a few specialists got a chance to participate in a phase of a game called football who, under the present rules, would not have. But how would you have enjoyed being the center on the extra-point team, or the kicker for that matter, with nothing to do, week in and week out, but snap the ball back, or stand there and kick a thousand times between the uprights of the goalpost—and then came Saturday and your specialty act never got on, because the offensive platoon failed to get a touchdown? That's not my idea of high school or college football.

THE DEFENSIVE ATTACKER

The greatest game of football that I have ever seen was the 0-0 game between Army and Notre Dame in 1946 while I was line coach at West Point under Colonel Blaik. It was supposed to have been a high scoring affair with great offensive backs, such as Blanchard, Davis and Tucker for Army, and Notre Dame's attack bulwarked by Lujack and Brennan. Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside along with Johnny Lujack played 60 minutes, while Arnold Tucker was out of the game only a few minutes for bench instruction. Neither team could break its great backs loose for a touchdown, but it so happened that these men played the most brilliant defensive game ever.

In later years, Coaches Leahy and Blaik, strange bedfellows, became (and probably still are) strong advocates of two platoon football. I never had the chance to ask Coach Leahy this question but last year I propounded it to Col. Blaik: "How would you have played Glenn, Doe and Arnold in the 0-0 Notre Dame game?" He answered quickly, "Oh, on the offense, of course." But somewhere I detected a glint in his eye. If I know Col. Blaik, Blanchard, Davis and Tucker would not have spent half the game sitting on the bench waiting for us to get the ball. The best football players are the best because they can go both ways.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFMAN

MEN IN THE MIDDLE

THIS young men on these pages, pride of the football-rich Midwest, are being watched this fall by more spectators than any old-timer ever dreamed of. With schedules that carry them from Pennsylvania to California, from Texas to Minnesota, and with TV commitments that show them in virtually every corner of the U.S., they remind spectators and opponents that the finest football consistently comes from America's midlands. Some of them have already overtaken such legendary heroes as Red Grange. J. C. Caroline (No. 26), junior halfback for Illinois, broke Grange's 30-year-old Big Ten rushing record with 1,256 yards in his sophomore season. Others, like Co-captain Dan Shannon (next page), have no figures to back their individual performances. They are simply the best of the best—and they have to be. Young, fast and rock-tough, they willingly challenge the nation's top teams in full view of one of the nation's biggest and most fiercely partisan audiences.

RECORD BREAKERS J. C. Caroline (left) and Mickey Bates, rushing and scoring leaders in Big Ten last season, provide touchdown free-orks for Illinois.



IRISH PASS CATCHER Dan Shannon is a crack defensive end and a favorite target of Quarterback Ralph Gugelmini (SI, Sept. 27). Shannon is one of tough Notre Dame veterans who have made Coach Terry Brennan's first season easier.



WISCONSIN WORK HORSE Alan Ameche, 210 pounds of tireless line-plunging power, gained 145 yards on the ground in 34-7 rout over Bates-Caroline and Illinois last year, looks ready for more of the same in meeting at Champaign November 13.

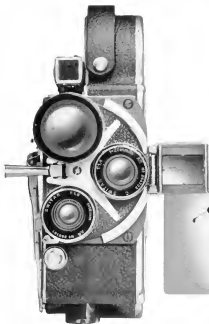
SPARTAN PASS MASTER Earl Morrall is in Michigan State's complex offensive setup. A substitute on Rose Bowl champions last season, Morrall is playing a key role in school's bid to remain a power in the Big Ten.





IOWA THREATS in Big Ten are Quarterback Jerry Reichow (with knee on ground, above) and Captain George (Binky)

Broeder, fullback on the beefy, well-coached team that tied Notre Dame in their final game last season.



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B 136

FOOTBALL INJURIES

In this Saturday's game the average player, who can expect one injury each season, faces his biggest risk of being knocked out of action

THE FIRST few minutes of the third quarter this Saturday more players on gridirons across the country will be injured than at any other time during the 1954 season. They are most likely to be hurt when a bulky halfback with three seasons' experience comes plunging crazily around end with the ball. One of his interference will throw a block at the defensive tackle who has pulled out to nail the ball carrier. The tackle, his second year on the team, will be caught off balance—and injured. If he suffers a sprain, it will be his knee or ankle. If a fracture, it will be his collarbone. If a dislocation, it will be his shoulder.

DEATHS AND INJURIES

This is no Monday morning quarterbacking but a prediction based on years of experience. It comes from the American Football Coaches Association, which has analyzed football injuries and fatalities for the past 22 years; the Security Life and Accident Insurance Co. of Denver, which insures some 800,000 high school athletes annually, and the National Athletic Trainers Association.

Football is a rough game, even though most injuries are accidental rather than intentional. Yet each year thousands of players require a doctor's care; an average of 18 youths die of injuries. Probably no one is more keenly aware of these hazards than the coaches and trainers themselves. They find that by far the greatest number of deaths (48%) occur during regular games, as opposed to sandlot (17%), practice sessions (10%) or touch football (4%). Head and spinal injuries account for seven out of every 10 fatalities; more than half involve teen-agers. Since 1931, the toll of gridiron deaths has dropped sharply. But the latest survey on injuries shows that they are growing more severe, and that the average player is banged up at least once a season.

Knees, ankles, thighs, shoulders, legs

and head—in that order—are hardest hit. One out of every four injuries is a sprain; one of every 12 is a bruised muscle or bone. But more important is the time an injury keeps a man out of action. For example, a fractured leg only ranks 31st in frequency, whereas it is third in severity, crippling a player for some 47 days.

Armed with all these statistics, the coaches have come up with a number of recommendations to make the game safer. Any parent can use them to determine whether his son's school plays safe or dangerous ball. 1) No boy should play football without a thorough physical examination and a study of previous injuries. 2) A team should have at least three weeks' preseason training and never scrimmage until after six days of fundamentals. 3) Immediately before the opening kickoff, but particularly after the half-time rest—the peak time for injury—players should warm up vigorously.

THE CULPRIT: POOR EQUIPMENT

Plain inexperience causes many a boy to get hurt, but coaches, doctors and safety experts unanimously agree that poor equipment is the core of injury problems today.

Lack of knee padding, for example, can cause knee injuries that may plague a boy for the rest of his life. Steel face masks, while protecting the wearer's nose and mouth, can be used to crush an opponent's jaw or knock out his teeth.

The most lethal weapons, however, are plastic helmets. These Martian-looking headpieces, say the experts, are dangerous on two counts. First, they are brutal on the opposition, and second, they don't protect the wearer.

For the past few years, researchers at the Cornell Aeronautical Labora-

BODY ARMAMENT which the well-protected player is wearing this season (right) weighs over 30 pounds. This Wilson equipment costs about \$130.



HELMET

FACE MASK
MOUTHPIECE

SHOULDER PADS

THUMB GUARD
SHOULDER
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INJURIES continued

tory have battered and bashed all types of helmets to see what happens. They find that while the top of most football headgear is strong enough, the sides and back are only about 1/3000th as stiff as the average human skull. A blow in this area will "bottom" (dent in) onto a player's head, causing possible brain concussion. And the straps or padding in all helmets do not adequately absorb a blow.

The experts have now devised a helmet patterned after a pilot's. They call it a "Beam-Pad." Made of strong yet light Fiberglas with a new arrangement of support straps called "geodetic suspension system" (strips covering the head in a great circle), the newly developed headgear can withstand a 2,000-pound-per-inch blow. This is nearly twice the impact of the unstoppable fullback meeting the immovable guard. The outer shell is covered with padding material to protect "the other guy."

So far, it looks as though this helmet may be the answer. Now being field-tested by the Cornell football squad, it should be available for other schools for the '55 season. The lab's next project: to develop better protective gear for shoulders and thighs.

RIGHT IN THE TEETH

The average school annually spends from \$90 up to outfit each player. Colleges spend as much as \$200 or more. "But there is little if any protection," complain three Chicago dentists in *The Journal of the American Dental Association*, for the region where 52% of injuries occur—the teeth. While the trainers' association disputes this figure, pointing out that their study shows all head injuries total only some 16%, everyone agrees that chipped or knocked-out teeth are the most expensive of all injuries suffered on the gridiron.

This year, at least three newly devised mouth protectors are being tested. Each is patterned after a boxer's mouthpiece, made of rubber and molded to fit the player's mouth. Missing teeth almost cost one team victory earlier this season. During the Oklahoma-Texas Christian game, Jimmy Harris, who had had his two front teeth knocked out in practice, was at quarterback replacing Oklahoma's injured Gene Calame. "I just can't make the team understand me in the huddle," says Harris. "Especially when I tried to call our 50 series (a hand-off from quarterback to fullback). I had to repeat it several times. I kept lipslap 'thifty.'"

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SINCE 1854

With an eye for the telling detail of a great city's life, Meyer Berger has long roamed the sidewalks and byways of New York. At the race tracks last week he found the kind of story which has become his trademark.



Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of \$250.

JAMES HETHERINGTON was hired at the New York race tracks eight years ago as recall man. He gets \$12 each racing day to wave a white cloth flag to recall horses if the starting gate should foul and release some but not all of them.

Well, the gates haven't fouled once in those eight years and Mr. Hetherington hasn't got a single official wave out of his system, much as he's itched to. He tells his friends he's a kind of insurance; he says the track figures he must pay off one day.

George Cassidy, the official race starter who invented the starting gates used in the East, wouldn't withdraw his recall man for anything. That mistake was made down at Hialeah about 10 years ago, and on the very next day after the recall man was let out, a perverse gate badly fouled a start.

That's more serious than it seems. With no flag to recall them, the mounts that broke through some of the gates tore all around the course at full speed, then had to be coaxed back into their positions, all pooped, to run the race a second time. Mr. Cassidy doesn't want that to happen again.

Mr. Hetherington, a Yorkville man and a former rider himself, stands about 50 yards down from the gates,

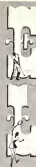
always alert at take-off. Mr. Cassidy, on a raised platform just outside the track rail, presses the starting device. His signal to Mr. Hetherington would be a top-register "Pull up!" but he hasn't called it once.

It gets a bit difficult, after eight years of utter frustration, for Mr. Hetherington to tense for each race start, but he manages, just the same. He thinks it would be a stinging disgrace if he once day-dreamed and wasn't poised with the flag at the bell.

Incidentally, it seems to be common belief, when Mr. Cassidy presses the starting button, that he's throwing electricity into the opening mechanism. It's just the opposite. The trigger cuts the current that holds the gates tight. The gates then open by powerful spring release.

The barriers got astonishingly tender care. They're carefully inspected every racing day, in every part, and at least four sets of gates are kept at hand against emergency. Every spring the corporation that owns the gates spends around \$8,000 on overhaul of each unit.

That job is done by the Hempstead Welding Company in Nassau County, which originally built the machines at a cost of \$18,000 apiece. Special trailers haul the gates from one track to an-



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SPORTS COURT



Is betting on horses gambling?

No, ruled the Michigan Supreme Court, because "the bettor can exercise his reason, judgment and discretion in selecting the horse he thinks will win. Not chance, but the speed and endurance of the horse and the skill and management of the rider are factors affecting the result of a horse race."

COLUMN OF THE WEEK continued
other. That gives the machines something of a jouncing, which accounts for the \$8,000 annual overhaul. The horses scuff them quite a bit, too.

TO IRELAND AND SOUTH AMERICA

Each track maintains several sets of schooling gates, pretty much like the official machines. They're used only to break in mounts that have never run for money before, and for horses from other countries that are shipped here to race. Mr. Cassidy's gate company is shipping machines this year to Ireland and to South America, they've caught on so.

There's something sad, even at \$12 a day, in Mr. Hetherington standing on the track, close to the hedge, staring off into the distance between races, with the white flag that hasn't been unfurled in anger, so to speak, for all of eight years.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

FOOTBALL

SQUEAKERS—Alan (the Horse) Ameche squamed his 210 pounds through stubborn Rice line twice to score both of Wisconsin's touchdowns and earn Badgers tight 13-7 victory.

● Highly rated **U.C.L.A.** squeezed out 21-20 win after spirited University of Washington team scored three times in second half on passes by sophomore back Bobby Cox.

● Six fumbles stymied powerful **Ole Miss** attack, limited the Sooners to a 14-7 triumph over Texas, which recovered five of fumbles.

PROCESSIONS—Halfback Bobby Watkins scored twice to lead hard-running **Ohio State** in 40-7 rout of Illinois. Strong Buckeye line limited Illinois to 83 yards on ground.

● **Notre Dame** bounced back from last week's stunning defeat by Purdue with 33-0 win over hapless Pittsburgh.

● Army quarterback Pete Vann threw three scoring passes which gained 67, 61, 44 yards as Cadets crushed Dartmouth 60-6. Although first team left game permanently in third quarter, Army still accumulated 600 yards rushing, passing.

● Navy line gave away nine pounds per man, consistently outcharged opposition while quarterback Dick Eckhard threw for two scores, fullback Joe Gattuso bided way for another to lead Navy to 25-0 win over Stanford.

STAND-OFF—Purdue and Duke, ranked fifth and sixth nationally, battled to 13-13 tie. Duke defense hotlied up Purdue passer Len Dawson, but Boilermakers came through on ground after being down 13-0 at half time.

SURPRISE—Michigan, unrated, upset fourth-ranked Iowa 14-13 after sporting Hawkeyes two touchdowns in first quarter. Second-string quarterback Jim Maddock rallied Michigan, directed 58-yard scoring drive, passed for another touchdown.

PRO—Detroit Lions, defending National Football League title, throttled Los Angeles Rams' passing attack, limited Ram runners to only 61 yards, won 21-3.

● Revamped Cleveland Browns gave Otto Graham enough protection for him to complete first 10 passes in row, three for touchdowns, to give Browns 31-7 win over Chicago Cardinals.

● New York Giants passed way to 51-21 win over Washington Redskins.

RECORD BREAKERS

● Max Baer's three-year-old trotting filly, **Stonographer**, set 11th world record with time trial mile of 1:59 1/4 at Lexington.

● Sol Camp's **Seck Frost** trotted mile in 2:00 in second heat of Camarillo Ranch trot at Lexington to set new world's record for two-year-old trotters in competition.

● **Willie Shoemaker** booted home 300th winner at Tanforan, Calif. to become first jockey to ride 300 winners for four seasons. Only jockey to ride 300 winners for three seasons: Willie Shoemaker.

SPEEDBOAT RACING

CUP WIN—**Bill Cantrell** of Louisville won Indiana Governor's Cup Race, averaging 91.558 mph in **Gale IV** on 15-mile course on Ohio River near Madison, Ind.

AUTO RACING

MIDGET RACE—**Duke Nolen** won 100-mile A.A.A. midget race at Terre Haute, Ind. Runners-up: Roy Newman of Hammond, Ind. and Jack Turner of Seattle. Turner's second place gave him enough points to clinch National A.A.A. championship.

STOCK CARS—**Buck Baker**, ex-bus driver from Charlotte, N.C., drove 1954 Oldsmobile at average speed of 88.83 mph to win 250-mile NASCAR Grand National Stock Car Race at newly opened Memphis-Arkansas Speedway, Lehi, Ark.

PENTATHLON

CERKES IN BUDAPEST—Navy Journalist **3/C Norman Brinker** suffered broken collarbone in fall during horse riding event of modern pentathlon at Budapest, won the cheers of the crowd by remounting, making three more jumps. Brinker's injury ended hopes of U.S. team to win pentathlon. Swiss team led 13-country field with Hungary second.

BOXING

CHAMPIONS—**Gustav Scholz**, German middleweight titleholder, floored Scottish champion Willie Armstrong ten times to register TKO in eighth round at Berlin.

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Weight of the Associated Press writers' poll)
Team standings, with points figured on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1—Ole Miss (22)	1,797
2—Wisconsin (21)	1,695
3—U.C.L.A. (18)	1,323
4—Ohio State (14)	1,186
5—Purdue (13)	529
6—Duke (7)	359
7—Mississippi (6)	730
8—Notre Dame (3)	729
9—Penn State (3)	380
10—Navy (1)	380

RUNNERS-UP: 11, Minnesota (3) 347; 12, Arkansas (1) 139; 13, Iowa (13) 134; West Virginia (6) 112; 15, Rice 84.

● Philippine featherweight champion **Beney Escobar**, deaf mute, stopped Japanese-Hawaiian **Roy Hips** in sixth at Manila.

● European heavyweight champion **Max Baer** of Germany retained title with third-round KO of Kurt Schlegel of Austria at Frankfurt.

SPOLERS—Veteran heavyweight **Charlie Powell**, former San Francisco '49er football star, in seventh round at San Francisco.

● **Boardwalk Billy Smith**, New Jersey prison guard, knocked out No. 1 light-heavyweight contender **Harold Johnson** in second round at Philadelphia.

CHALLENGERS—**Lupe Perez**, 31, fifth-ranking featherweight contender from Brooklyn, defeated **Bohdy Woods**, 29, of Spokane for 38th win in 41 fights, at Brooklyn.

GOLF

MONEY MEN—PGA listed leading 1954 money winners: **Ben Hook**, \$65,891; **Jack Burke Jr.**, \$20,213; **Marty Furgol**, \$19,949; **Jerry Barber**, \$18,885; **Cary Middlecott**, \$17,593.

ABROAD—South Africa's **Bobby Locke** finished with 291 to win Dunlop Masters Professional Golf Tournament at Sandwich, Eng.

● **Shirley Dammers of Sevens**, Ill. won Italy's amateur golf title, beating **W. Gosa** of Italy 3 and 2 in final round at Como.

HORSE RACING

FUTURITY—Belair Stud's **Nashua**, 13-20 favorite, **Eddie Areano** up, beat **Summer Tan** by head to win Belmont Futurity. Win gave 89-year-old trainer **Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons** first victory in Futurity, earned Belair Stud \$88,015, male **Nashua** leading candidate for two-year-old of year.

● Earlier same afternoon at Belmont, King Ranch's **High Gun** won mile and half Manhattan Handicap with Arcene up.

UPS AND DOWNS—**Willie Hartack**, sensational New Jersey jockey, got set down for 10 days for careless riding at Atlantic City.

HARNESS—Charles Provost's "unsound" three-year-old trotter, **Harlow**, won \$44,410 Kentucky Futurity in two straight heats.

ABROAD—Georges Wildenstein's **Beau Prince II** won France's top race for two-year-olds, the Grand Critérium, at Longchamp track. Beau Prince II's victory was worth \$17,150.

WEIGHT LIFTING

REDS WIN—Russia successfully defended team title in World Weight-Lifting Championships, beating U.S. team which entered

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

October 15 through 21

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15

Boxing

- Carmen Basilio vs. Alvin Green, welterweights, 8:00 p.m. (NBC)
- Donaghy War Memorial, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC local blackout).

Fishing

Annual Tarpon Rodeo, Port Aransas, Tex.

Football

Detroit vs. Villanova, Detroit (N).
Fordham vs. Boston College, New York (N).
Miami vs. Mississippi State, Miami (N).

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Montreal Canadiens, Chicago.

Shooting

Fall trapshooting tournament, Las Vegas Gun Club, Nev.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16

Auto Racing

California Sports Car Club races, Palm Springs, Calif.
NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., Anderson, N.C.

Dogs

Crab Orchard Can Dog Classic, Carbondale, Ill.
New England Fidelity, Peace Dale, R.I.

Football

(Leading college games)

- EAST
Boston University vs. Syracuse, Boston
Brown vs. Princeton, Providence, R.I.
Dartmouth vs. Colgate, Hanover, N.H.
Harvard vs. Columbia, Cambridge, Mass.
Holy Cross vs. Marquette, Worcester, Mass.
Pennsylvania vs. George Washington, Philadelphia
Penn State vs. West Virginia, State College, Pa.
Pittsburgh vs. Navy, Pittsburgh
Rutgers vs. William & Mary, New Brunswick, N.J.
Temple vs. Bucknell, Philadelphia
Yale vs. Cornell, New Haven, Conn.
SOUTH & SOUTHWEST
 Baylor vs. Washington, Waco, Tex.
● Duke vs. Army, Durham, N.C. 2:15 p.m. (ABC).
Florida vs. Kentucky, Gainesville, Fla.
Georgia vs. Vanderbilt, Athens, Ga.
Georgia Tech vs. Auburn, Atlanta
LSU vs. Texas Tech, Baton Rouge, La. (N).
Maryland vs. N. Carolina, College Park, Md.
Mississippi vs. Tulane, Oxford, Miss.
Rice vs. SMU, Houston, Tex. (N).
Tennessee vs. Alabama, Knoxville, Tenn.
Texas vs. Arkansas, Austin, Tex.
Texas A & M vs. TCU, College Station, Tex.
WEST
 Iowa State vs. Colorado, Ames, Ia.
Kansas vs. Oklahoma, Lawrence, Kan.
Minnesota vs. Illinois, Minneapolis
Nebraska vs. Indiana, Columbus, Mo.
Nebraska vs. Oregon State, Lincoln, Neb.
Northwestern vs. Michigan, Evanston, Ill.
● Notre Dame vs. Michigan State, South Bend, Ind., 2:15 p.m. (Mutual).
Ohio State vs. Iowa, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma A & M vs. Houston, Stillwater, Okla.
Tulsa vs. Kansas State, Tulsa, Okla. (N).
● Wisconsin vs. Purdue, Madison, Wis., 2:15 p.m. (NBC).
FAIR WEST
 California vs. Wash. State, Berkeley, Calif.
College of Pacific vs. Colorado A & M, Fort Collins, Colo.
● Oregon vs. S. California, Portland, Ore., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
● Oregon to watch Oregon's Goss Shaw (14) and Southern Cal's Jon Arnett (76).

Steadford vs. UCLA, Los Angeles
Utah vs. Denver, Salt Lake City (N)
Wyoming vs. New Mexico, Laramie, Wyo.
(Professionals)
Natl. Football League
Detroit Lions vs. Baltimore Colts, Detroit (N).
Canadian League
Edmonton Eskimos vs. Vancouver Lions, Edmonton.
● Montreal Alouettes vs. Hamilton Tiger-Cats, Montreal, 1:45 p.m. (NBC).
Ottawa Rough Riders vs. Toronto Argonauts, Ottawa.
Regina Rough Riders vs. Calgary Stampeders, Regina.

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League
Detroit Red Wings vs. Montreal Canadiens, Detroit.
Toronto Maple Leafs vs. N.Y. Rangers, Toronto.
American Hockey League
Hershey Bears vs. Providence Reds, Hershey, Pa.
Pittsburgh Hornets vs. Cleveland Barons, Pittsburgh.
Springfield Indians vs. Buffalo Bisons, Springfield, Mass.

Horses

Intl. Horse Show, Pan-Pacific Auditorium, Los Angeles.

Horse Racing

- Jockey Club Gold Cup, \$75,000, 2 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4 p.m. (CBS).
- Hawthorne Gold Cup, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne Pk., Cicero, Ill.
- California Derby, \$35,000 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Tausan, San Bruno, Calif.
- Benjamin Franklin Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
- Champagne Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 2-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- Turf Cup Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Laurel, Md.
- Alabazards Stakes, \$15,000, 7 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Keeneland, Lexington, Ky.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17

Auto Racing

AAA 100-m. natl. championship, Sacramento, Calif.
NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., Martinsville, Va.

Football

Natl. Football League
● Chicago Bears vs. San Francisco 49ers, Chicago, 2 p.m. (ABC).
Green Bay Packers vs. Los Angeles Rams, Milwaukee.
N.Y. Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, New York.
Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Cleveland Browns, Pittsburgh.
Washington Redskins vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Washington, D.C.

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League
Boston Bruins vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Boston.
Chicago Black Hawks vs. Detroit Red Wings, Chicago.
American Hockey League
Buffalo Bisons vs. Cleveland Barons, Buffalo, N.Y.
Providence Reds vs. Springfield Indians, Providence, R.I.

Motorboating

Dutboard & stock utility races, Parker, Ariz.

Swimming

Annapolis fall series, Chesapeake Bay, Md.

Secur

American League
Baltimore Orioles vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Westgate Stadium, Baltimore.
Brooklyn Dodgers vs. N.Y. Yankees, Zerega Oval, Bronx, N.Y.
Hokitok vs. Brooklyn Hispanic, Brooklyn Soccer Field, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Newark Porters vs. Polish Falcons, Newark, N.Y.

Track & Field

AJAJ Jr. marathon, Detroit.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18

Boxing

- Gerald Dwyer vs. Ramon Escamez, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
- Paddy Young vs. Jesse Turner, middleweights, Eastern Pkwy. Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Football

Canadian League
Vancouver Lions vs. Edmonton Eskimos, Vancouver.
Winnipeg Blue Bombers vs. Calgary Stampeders, Winnipeg.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19

Boxing

- Tommy Collins vs. Bobby Why, featherweights, Boston Arena (10 rds.)
- Jake Tuttle vs. Gar Dwyer, flyweights, London (10 rds.).

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

Baseball

Minnesota Lakers vs. College All-Stars, Chicago Stadium.

Boxing

- Kid Gavilan vs. Johnny Saxton, for welterweight title, Convention Hall, Philadelphia (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League
N.Y. Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, New York.
American Hockey League
Buffalo Bisons vs. Providence Reds, Buffalo, N.Y.
Cleveland Barons vs. Springfield Indians, Cleveland.
Pittsburgh Hornets vs. Hershey Bears, Pittsburgh.

Horse Racing

Princeton Handicap, \$20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

Boxing

- Billy Graham vs. Ramon Fuentes, welterweights, Olympic Auditorium, Los Angeles (10 rds.).

Dogs

Grand Natl. Grouse Dog Fidelity, Piedmont, Mich.

Horse Racing

Cothran Trot, \$25,000, free-for-all, Yonkers Raceway, N.Y.

Hockey

Natl. Hockey League
Montreal Canadiens vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Montreal.
Detroit Red Wings vs. Boston Bruins, Detroit.
American Hockey League
Hershey Bears vs. Springfield Indians, Hershey, Pa.

Horse Racing

N.Y. Turf Writers Handicap, \$10,000, 2 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO = season opened (or closed); SC = season varies by district or water.
C = clear water; D = water dirty or rocky; M = water muddy.
N = water at normal height; SH = slightly high; H = high; VH = very high; L = low; F = falling; F = falling.
WT50 = water temperature 50°.
FG = fishing good; FF = fishing fair; FP = fishing poor; OG = outlook good; OF = outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

BLACK BASS: MICHIGAN: FG at Bay Port on Saginaw Bay in Lake Huron and OG rest of month.

MINNESOTA: St. Croix River north of Otterville gets hotter as waters get colder; OG through October.

MISSOURI: Lake of the Ozarks N, C, FG in Niangua region with plugs and bait, OG next 10 days.

NEW YORK: Ashken Reservoir still producing fine catches as bass ride herd on schools of bait; backtails, bugs and spinning lures are effective and outlook continues good; watershed permit needed. Adirondack ponds producing well with forage; fishing bait and bass partial to near-surface plugs. Cape Vincent-Clayton stretch of St. Lawrence reported slow as muggy weather makes bass moody but failing harbors should set off fast action; SC Oct. 15 on Canadian side, so check your bearings SC Oct. 15 on Lake Champlain, Nov. 30 most other N. Y. waters.

NORTH CAROLINA: Fontana and Santee lakes report FG; OG next two weeks.

TENNESSEE: Good catches of bigmouth bass coming from Cherokee Lake (one of TVA main-stream reservoirs) and FG on all TVA lakes as cool winds "turn" water over; early-morning bug-slingers doing fine along shoreline shallows. Norris and Loudon are best bets in eastern state, Center Hill best in middle region.

KENTUCKY: Dale Hollow and Lake Cumberland providing fair bass action with OG through October.

CALIFORNIA: Fishing upset of the week is Big Bear Lake, now producing brownbacks to five pounds after almost summer in a decade, plugs and fuzzy flies doing better business. Havasu and Mohave lakes on lower Colorado parking up and OG for fine winter season; diving plugs and live bait most productive.

NEW MEXICO: After lowest level in history Elephant Butte Lake now has 52,600 acre feet and is rising; FF with best spots Kettle Butte, Long Point and Rock Canyon, OG and should improve. Chisosas Lake C, N, FG as cold nights stir bass interest in spin-lures and live bait.

FLORIDA: Cray-catchers report FG in all Lake Okechobee waters and fly-rod fanatics should find good sport with deerhair flies and cork bugs.

PENNSYLVANIA: Fishing improving on all central Pennsylvania streams but still dismal; north branch of Susquehanna (Towanda, Wyand and Wyalusing sections) is best bet in north central area, Allegheny River best in western area with Warren and Forest counties reporting fast action as rains restore normal levels and trout puts up in fish.

MUSKELLUNGE: PENNSYLVANIA: A 45-inch musky tagged last spring in seine survey of Lake Ledford inhaled young sucker last week

and got a boat ride. Conewago Lake producing a few muskies to 20 pounds with side-dinners of bass, walleyes and northern, mostly on minnows. Shenango River (Mercer County) and French Creek report FG for smallish "junge," and Allegheny River is yielding fish to 15 pounds, with big minnows most favored bait.

MICHIGAN: Lake St. Clair got hot last week and should keep on sizzling through next fortnight; top fish weighed 33 pounds; best lure is spoon-and-luretail, slow-trolled near weeds.

WISCONSIN: FG in Hayward area with 40-pounders reported from Round Lake and suckersakes in their glory. Some action in Chippewa Flows but no trophies landed. Despite clear brisk weather few fishermen are in the Rhinelander area; OG through October. Eagle River area is below par but may erupt any day now.

NEW YORK: SC Oct. 15 on Lake Champlain. Our St. Lawrence spp. says last week's rainy weather put fish off feed; river fishing should be fair rest of month.

TROUT: MISSOURI: Niangua River (Bennett Springs area) N, C, FF and improving, OG as trout are taking flies enthusiastically, averaging 12 ounces.

IDAHO: FG in Salmon River and tributaries with brown bivalves on #12 hook raising good fish. Payette River and tributaries producing well as warm weather stimulates fly hatches. Snake still providing fine sport; OG if good weather holds.

MONTANA: Fishing is excellent on Yellowstone, Madison, Big Hole, Blackfoot and Flathead rivers as mild weather returned last week; most streams are at lowest level and most fishable with fly but local talent is starting to get lousy about hugging.

CALIFORNIA: High-country brookies and rainbows are providing easy limits to console deer-horn Sierra hunters. OG until SC Oct. 31 (or until early snow); top spots are Pit, Feather and Yuba rivers in north; Twin, Silver, Emigrant and Winesap lakes of American River watershed, June Lake chain producing well on bass. Lower reaches of Kings, Merced and Kaweah are "way off" top billing on east slope shared by upper Owens River and Mammoth Creek above Lake Mary. Lakes above 7,600 feet are freezing fast.

ONTARIO: Open to Nov. 30, mouths of Wilmot and Barker's Creek in the Oshawa area are producing fine fishing for big rainbows, with OG through next two weeks. (These streams open only at month, as season on speckled trout is closed since Sept. 15.)

NEW MEXICO: Most mountain streams producing well as weather cools. In Jarvis Mountain area, Rio Chabola, Rio Vaca, San Antonio and East Fork rivers C, N, FF with fine and bait, OF. Jemez River C, FG, OG with best

water from entrance of Santa Fe National Forest to La Cueva, Chama River C, N, FG, OG. Gila River (Silver City area) producing fair baskets on bait. Upper Rio Grande reports big browns taking woolies and bright patterns well and OG.

COLORADO: 10-pound German brown in Gunnison River are whole, seven last week. Cottonwood Creek and all forks L, C, FG with flies. OG, Arkansas River (Sedalia area) L, C, FG especially at midday. OG, Gunnison River (Gunnison area) L, C, FG with salmon eggs and worms, dry flies effective in midday. Williams Fork Reservoir receding, FF with flies and lures from bank (no boats allowed), OF.

WALLEYED PIKE: MINNESOTA: Good walleye fishing should continue through next fortnight at Lake Minnetonka at Glenwood (west central section of state). Green Lake at Spicer (central section) and Upper Red Lake (far north) on eastern shore outside the Indian reservation.

PENNSYLVANIA: On-a-gain, off-a-gain weather had Delaware River walleye off their feed last week but bigger fish should be on the make when Indian summer blows over. In eastern state, Shenango River, French Creek and Allegheny River are showing many fish in four-pound class along with delightful fall coloring; local talent leans to minnows but June bug spinners in pools should produce pike.

TARPON: FLORIDA: Small tarpon are bunched in log schools around Ten Thousand Islands and should give grand sport to fly-rod or light-spinning fishermen.

STEELHEAD TROUT: OREGON: FF in Galier area of Rogue River but new run expected any day as river is L, C, and rain could bring fish in.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Fish of 26 and 31 pounds reported from Little Rocky River near Hazelton; largest is new but unofficial world record for rod-caught searun rainbows. Coquille and Stamp rivers fishing poorly and OF as summer and fall runs pass upstream. Early winter fish are due in South Thompson any time now but until they show prospects are poor.

CALIFORNIA: Sacramento River is heating up with fast action to 10 miles above Red Bluff. Lower Ed producing between Pillsbury and Van Naudale Reservoir for competent fly casters, but most fish are going to the bait brigade and spin-fishers. Lower Klamath is still sizzling from mouth to Elsie Creek and upstream near Yreka (head flows of sportmen cleared up most logging abuses in this section). Trinity River VL, C, FF but new rains should start it producing; Mad, Van Duzen rivers are picking up, OG.

STRIPED BASS: NEW YORK: Montauk boats are picking up stripers to 25 pounds on south shore but fish are still too far out for surf-casters, OG and improving through Nov. 15.

CALIFORNIA: Best October fishing in several years reported at San Pablo and Suisun bays and Capitola Strait, with local small but abundant Sacramento River picking up and Delta fishing prospects good for next 10 days.

MASSACHUSETTS: 55-pound, non-occur striped bass caught by Wallace Pinkham of Vineyard Haven from beach at West Whist (Martha's Vineyard) last week. Waters around Vineyard and Nantucket are still fairly warm and mild weather may keep bait and bass hanging around into November.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Go-wichan Bay starting with silvers and next two weeks should produce great fishing despite last week's heavy rain that drew some fish into the river. Heavy run of northern fish reported in Johnston Strait.

OREGON: Salmon fishing will remain grimy until rains raise coastal streams and bring runs into bays; OF until late in month.

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BOWLING

NOW OR NEVER

An unknown bowler on an obscure team has his moment in the B.P.A.A. elimination

by VICTOR KALMAN



CLYDE POTTER

It was 2:40 a.m. on Monday, October 4, but no one in the vast crowd at old Jack Hagerty's Bowling Center in Toledo made a move to go home. For two days and nights the spectators had applauded and stomped their feet as the nation's 44 top teams battled through the B.P.A.A. elimination tournament to decide which two would roll for the U.S. match championship.

Now a silence thicker than the smoke clouds drifting toward the ceiling settled over the alleys. Every pair of eyes turned on a short, stocky, pleasant-faced man with rimless glasses.

Clyde Potter, 47, had bowled half his lifetime without winning a major event. And here he was, the anchor man of the dark horse Maibach Furniture quintet of Akron, Ohio, on the threshold of national fame. He had rolled strikes in the eighth and ninth frames to give his team a fighting chance. If he spared in the tenth frame, Maibach would go into second place. If he missed, the team might never have another chance to bowl for the title.

NOW-OR-NEVER ROLL

It was a sultry morning. Potter wiped the mist off his glasses. He dried his hands with a towel and picked up his ball. As he got set for his now-or-never roll, this was the picture:

The Pfeiffer Beer team of Detroit, perennial archrival of the champion Stroh Beers, had finished hours before and was in first place with 11,783 for the 12 games. But three teams had fine opportunities to forge ahead: Stroh needed only 2,903 in the final three-game block, Maibach 2,905 and the Budweiser Beers of St. Louis 2,967.

Ordinarily the Strohs could be counted on to better 3,000, but they were off form this night. Only a 713 series by Lee Jougard had kept them on top after the third block. Despite a 277 game by Jougard, the Strohs totaled only 942 in the third game of that block. Jack Hagerty, who has seen the best come and go in his 57 years as an academy proprietor, wondered aloud if the Strohs were through.

The Strohs answered promptly with a fine 10th game. Midway through the 11th, there was no longer any doubt. They finished first with 11,881 pins.

That left it up to Budweiser and Maibach to try to oust Pfeiffer from second place. Going into the 12th and last game, the Budweisers needed 999 pins, the Maibachs 1,006. Budweiser, an all-star quintet which includes national titleholder Don Carter, collapsed to finish fourth with 11,748. Maibach, with not a single "name" in the lineup, fought to the end.

And now it was up to Clyde Potter. There was no trace of nervousness about him. Carefully, he scanned the alley and fixed his eyes on a dark spot on the polished surface. He stepped gracefully toward the foul line, released the ball with a smooth swing. It rolled over the dark spot and hooked into the 1-3 pocket. Strike. He bowled two more strikes, but they were not needed. Maibach totaled 11,813, only 68 pins less than Stroh.

Anticlimactically, the Telco Tools of Cleveland rolled a final block of 3,115, highest of the tournament, to sweep from 27th to sixth place.

Stroh and Maibach will roll a 24-game home-and-home match for the championship, with the opening 12-game block taking place Nov. 27-28 in Akron and the finale Dec. 4-5 in Detroit. The Strohs believe they will retain their title, but they probably will not be overconfident against the plucky Ohioans. Buzz Fazio, Stroh captain, is particularly thoughtful. He used to live in Akron and was a teammate of Clyde Potter.

EXPERT OPINION

The late Jeff Cravath, who turned to ranching after being forced to resign as University of Southern California football coach, had this to say when asked how he liked his new work compared to coaching:

"Cattle don't have any alumni."

Los Angeles Times

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RAIN

let it

SHINE

let it

BLOW

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SPORTING LOOK

WHAT DO THEY WEAR?

SI's cameras focus on a football weekend and come back with the answers.

West coast: Bermuda shorts; full skirts and jumpers; cashmere sweaters.

Midwest: Skirts long and slim, or above knee; fancy vests; tweed jackets.

East coast: Khakis; Shetland sweaters and jackets; jumpers and shorts.



WEST COAST

Stanford students wear Bermuda shorts, socks with name hand-knit in angora, while setting up card stunts before the game. During the game (right) the student cheering section is 40-yard stretch of white shirts and blouses. Girls wear full skirts, as many as four petticoats. Cashmere sweaters (below) are California favorites with khaki pants and the new jumpers.



MIDWEST

Michigan State coeds contrast the long slim skirts they've been wearing since 1946 with this year's kilt-length variety, wear both with white crew socks. The men at East Lansing are as well dressed as any Ivy Leaguer in tweed jackets, flannel slacks, tattersall vests. At Michigan State and coast to coast: white bucks, loud Argyles, blazer jackets and khaki pants.



EAST COAST

Yale men have two uniforms: Shetland tweed jackets worn with button-down shirts and flannel trousers; Shetland crew-neck sweaters and khaki pants. Dates for the weekend

wear man-tailored shirts with jumpers to fraternity parties and the game, Bermuda shorts Saturday morning. Coast-to-coast campus hits: jumpers and shorts.





HEADING FLOORWARD after Ketchel's surprise blow (above), Johnson is already prepared to leap up after his opponent. Seconds later picture is reversed (right), with Johnson shaking his head over folly of his fallen foe.



BEFORE FIGHT, Ketchel and Johnson posed with Promoter Jim Coffroth. Their battle was held at Coffroth's Arena.

YESTERDAY

KETCHEL'S

WHEN Stanley (Steve) Ketchel was murdered in 1910 by a ranch hand who felt he had alienated the affections of a lady, there were those who said, "That's not the first double cross Steve tried. Remember last year's fight with Jack Johnson?" They were recalling the meeting of the two at Colma, Calif. on October 16, 1909 for the heavy-weight championship of the world, when Jack and Stanley had been brought together by mutual need for a good money fight. The Negro Johnson had defended his title with an indolent skill which affronted white customers and frightened potential challengers. Business was not good. Meanwhile, slugging Stanley had cleaned up the middle-weight field with a fearful zest, skipping only a squatty



DREAM OF GLORY

Negro Hercules named Sam Langford. It was obvious that the big money lay for Ketchel in a match with Johnson and Jack agreed to allow Stanley to last the scheduled 20 rounds with the understanding that Stanley would not try to take the heavyweight title. He felt the fight would draw a big crowd, and that he could improve his sorry financial position without too much effort.

When the two champions squared off, Johnson weighed 206½ to Ketchel's 170½. From the start, Johnson boxed cautiously, jabbing with his left and using his right chiefly for blocking. Looking like a lightweight before the towering Negro, Ketchel bored in, but his punches had little effect. Jack was wary, for there was some question in his mind as

to how far he could trust Ketchel. But as the tame contest continued, Jack flashed his gold-toothed smile, feeling increasingly confident of his foe's good faith. Ketchel set his blood-streaked features and waited. In the twelfth round he saw his opening. Stanley swung a wicked right just below Jack's ear. Johnson dropped in stunned surprise. But Ketchel had just time to smile before a grim black fury leaped up and met him with a fearful right uppercut. The punch dropped Stanley as if he'd been maced. It landed on his mouth, broke off all his front teeth at the gums and stretched him senseless. Later, while musing over the attempted double cross in his dressing room, Jack picked two of Ketchel's teeth out of his right glove.

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FOOTBALL NUISANCE *continued*

ordinary way, with no special inducements, and who are staying in college, following the regular curriculum, with no special treatment. The second requirement is even more difficult; you have to find convenient rivals of about the same size, whose constituencies have the same convictions. For if they have not, you will be continuously and unmercifully defeated, and this is something that your constituency will not be able to stand indefinitely. On this rock all the great attempts of the last 30 years to "clean up" or "de-emphasize" football have split; inter-collegiate football is no "cleaner" or less emphasized now than it was in 1925 because the temptation to break the rules of a conference becomes irresistible sooner or later to some of the members of it. You then have a scandal, a clean-up, new resolutions, and the process goes on as before.

The real hope lies in the slow but steady progress of professional football. If the colleges and universities had had the courage to take the money out of football by admitting all comers free, they could have made it a game instead of a business and removed the temptations that the money has made inevitable and irresistible. Professional football is destined to perform this service to higher education. Not enough people will pay enough money to support big-time intercollegiate football in the style to which it has become accustomed when for the same price they can see real professionals, their minds unconfused by thoughts of education, play the game with true professional polish.

FOR EDUCATION AND KNOWLEDGE

When professional football has reached this point, we shall be able to disentangle sport and higher education. Students can play (or not play) as they wish; their friends may attend and applaud if they like. It will be clear that this is relaxation from higher education, not the main purpose of it. Students will come to college to study. Alumni will believe that this is something a normal, red-blooded, young American can properly do. Donors will understand that they are asked to support the institution, not because it has succeeded in attracting a few boys who are huskier and faster than those representing another college, but because when they give it, their money will be well spent in improving education and advancing knowledge. The colleges and universities will be set free to be as good as they know how to be.

This happened at Chicago.

LAKE CHARLES BOY MAKES GOOD

SIRS:

CITIZENS OF LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA WILL APPRECIATE YOU PLACING ALVIN DARK'S PICTURE ON FRONT PAGE OF YOUR MAGAZINE.

GULF NATIONAL BANK

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

SIRS:

FOR THIS WEEK'S COVER WE SUGGEST ALVIN DARK, NEW YORK GIANT CAPTAIN. DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD OVERLOOK THIS GREAT BASEBALL PLAYER ANY LONGER.

GEO. W. CLARKE, TERRELL
WOOLEY, C. A. STOKES JR.

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

SIRS:

GREATLY APPRECIATE YOUR CONSIDERATION PLACING ALVIN DARK ON COVER.

CALCAGNIE MARINE NATIONAL BANK
M. J. DUGAN

LAKE CHARLES, LA.

A NEW DIMENSION

Sirs:

As a subscriber from Volume One, Number One, I was glad that SI avoided the cheap gimmick, used everywhere else, of so-called be-man fiction pieces. I was glad because I myself doubted whether a really good fiction piece could be a weekly feature of any magazine. And I'd rather see no fiction than the stuff ground out every week or month by the hacks of the outdoor-writers fraternity.

Imagine my pleasure when I came across "Brooklyns Lose" in SI, Sept. 20. A first-rate story in the unassuming and pleasant manner of Irwin Shaw (pre-Riviera days) but more than that, a really fine piece of reporting. It has the flavor and ring of authenticity and your line drawing helped a lot. A napkin dispenser on the drug store counter, yet. Things like that add a dimension which sole preoccupation with facts, the batting averages and the scores miss.

Now let's have more, shall we? No need to hunt for shrimking Hemingways because the Hemingway days are over. Every hick small-town columnist (I should know, I was one myself for six years) has that delightful inner feeling that after all, yesterday's humorous, yet moving piece on "Slob" McNulty, the town's only former pro athlete (semipro fighter in a small coal-mining town 42 years ago), death was just about as good as Mr. H. ever penned. There are plenty of good, honest writers who, if properly handled, will turn their talents and thoughts to sports and away from contemplating their own shrunken naves.

A well-written fiction piece, and I mean well-written, can often tell more than the best piece of straight reporting. Just as "Brooklyns Lose" told more of that in equal parts noble and despicable brough than New York sportswriters have been able to do for 20 years, barring the great Red Smith.

MARGARET WADE

St. Johns, Canada

THE JOY OF DYING

Sirs:

What a joy to laugh over "Brooklyns Lose." And to be able to laugh while my dear Dodgers were dying!

Do give us more such lightness in SI. Thank you and Mr. Heuman for the fun.

LUCY CURRY

Flushing, N.Y.

AGAIN

Sirs:

I liked the idea of fiction in your magazine. Do it again -- and again.

W. A. BROWN

Crown Point, Ind.

GOOD AND CLEVER

Sirs:

The clever way of making average ball games into a fiction story is terrific.

"Brooklyns Lose" is something new and very good. Let's see more of it . . .

GORDON BOTSFORD

Winthrop, Mass.

HAPPY BALANCE

Sirs:

I'm happy to see that you're finally running fiction now. That gives the magazine real balance . . .

LARRY STERNIG

Milwaukee

MY JUDGMENT

Sirs:

As a person who has been connected with . . . sports for the past forty years . . . I am interested to see that you are including fiction articles. In my judgment, this strengthens the magazine's general appeal.

J. H. NICHOLS, M.D.

Oberlin, Ohio

THEM'S MY SENTIMENTS

Sirs:

Just a note to let you know how much I enjoyed Bill Heuman's short story, "Brooklyns Lose."

Being a rabid Dodger fan this story expressed my sentiments perfectly when my Bums lose.

Also, I would like to extend my congratulations on your fine magazine. It is tops.

L. E. SCHROEDER JR.

Tulsa, Okla.

REAL FUNNY

Sirs:

I am a long-time Dodger rooster, and that story you had in about "Brooklyns Lose" was too real to seem very funny to me. I liked all the baseball stuff in that issue, and hope you print more baseball stories.

GERALD DORENIG

Flushing, N.Y.

IN MY BOOK

Sirs:

The way it looks now your first piece of fiction is turning out to be strangely prophetic. The "Brooklyns" lost. But, certainly SI is not losing. In fact, with the current issue you're far ahead of the game in my book. Speaking of fiction, though, I for one

think there should be lots more of it in your fine magazine. You never can tell, you might come up with another Damon Runyon or Philip Wylie.

JEROME W. STEIN

Brooklyn

FILLING THE GAP

Sirs:

Just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed your fiction piece, "Brooklyns Lose." Not only was it a fine and entertaining story, but I think it filled a real gap in your otherwise excellent magazine. It's hard to find good sports fiction in the general magazines and I know I, for one, looked forward hopefully to reading some truly good stories in SI. "Brooklyns Lose" certainly answered my hope, and I trust we can look forward to more and more frequent appearances of fiction.

PAUL WALSH

New York

PERFECT

Sirs:

"Brooklyns Lose" was terrific. The use of fiction rounds out SI and makes it perfect. I hope we'll see lots more stories on all phases of sports. I hope also to be able to see more SI on newsstands.

K. MORRISON

Arlington, Mass.

POP AND PITT

Sirs:

As a player under Pop Warner at Pitt, 1917-1920, I read with particular interest your excellent tribute to Pop and the interesting photographs in SI, Sept. 27. Of particular interest to me, of course, was the photograph showing Pop with five of his Pitt players, with the caption featuring Bob Peck as one of Pop's All-Americans.



POP WARNER AND FOOTBALL GREATS

You may be interested in knowing that the man at the left-guard position is Jack Sutherland, who later was head coach at Lafayette College and then succeeded Pop at Pitt in 1924. Next to Jack is Tiny Thornhill, later an assistant coach to Warner at Stanford and then head coach for a period of a few years. In the backfield, directly behind Peck, are George McLaren, an All-American fullback, and Red

Hastings, one of Pitt's greatest halfbacks. The 1916 Pitt team was one of Pop's and Pitt's greatest.

HERB MC CRACKEN
Publisher
Sokoloski Cosh Magazine

New York

UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY

Sirs:

In one of your more recent issues (SI, Sept. 20), a possible speed of 30 miles per hour is assigned to a Sailfish. These are quite sporty little toy craft, but except on a trailer and towed by a motor car, they could do no more than a speed under sail alone than I run a hundred yards in five seconds. I never have heard of any sailing craft making such a speed. The most extreme double-hulled inland Lake scows do at times, usually only for short spurts under ideal conditions, get up into the middle twenties but in spite of the exaggerating propensities of Middle Westerners, I have never heard them claim any thirty miles per hour. It is an utter physical impossibility for any such small craft as a Sailfish to make it.

On the other hand I thought SI's article on Leggie Knapp Belcher Merts most excellent and not in the least exaggerated. Personally, I might have been even more fulsome in my praise.

C. SHERMAN HOYT

Oxford, Md.



HOYT AND FAMOUS BOAT MODELS

SI is glad to be set straight by one of America's best-known yachtsmen and a naval architect of repute. Maximum speed of Sailfish is apt to be nearer 15 mph.—ED.

PHYSICAL LETDOWN

Sirs:

Thanks for your superb article, "How Fit Are Our Kids?" (SI, Sept. 20). I hope it does some good, although I doubt it. I think some of the people who let me down most when I was a kid were my great physical education teachers. I think what I wanted most was to be in the thick of sports like the other kids. I was shy and got left behind in the shuffle, and just never managed to catch up. Did my nice, friendly, smiling physical ed. teacher have an encouraging word for me? Nope. But he had

plenty of disgust-filled sneers coming in my direction. The smiles were for the football and baseball stars. Well, maybe we'll get some new people in our schools who will help the weak, small and uncoordinated, as well as the wise-guy diamond and gridiron stars, who don't need it as much. Hoping your article and more like it will influence exercise for all our kids.

NAME WITHHELD

FL. Riley, Kan.

CONSCIENCE AND COURAGE

Sirs:

I have read and reread the Father Hesburgh article on "how we try to do it at the University of Notre Dame."

As a non-Catholic sports follower, never particularly friendly toward Notre Dame teams—I am wondering if there is a president of another major university (especially one of those in football ratings) that could have penned such an article.

Is it possible that what intercollegiate athletics needs is more character, conscience and courage at the highest academic levels?

Congratulations! There will be many thousands of interested parties discussing this article for months to come.

Now let's hear from the other extreme and ask Chancellor Kimpton of the University of Chicago how he feels about this subject.

LEONARD WIL HIEER

Pittsburgh

• Better still, see page 34 for a discussion of college football by Robert Maynard Hutchins, Dr. Kimpton's predecessor at the University of Chicago.—ED.

SLO-MO

Sirs:

The following is with reference to an article on S. S. Sayres in SI, Aug. 23.

To be brief, I am the man that designed, developed and engineered the building of Slo-Mos III, IV, and V. Furthermore, I did all the test driving and the race driving in 1950 and 1951.

I have been designing, building and racing boats since 1927. I have designed or redesigned boats for such racing figures as Eddie Meyer, Bill Cantrell, Jack Schafer,

Loe Shoenlth, Chuck Thompson, John Cobb, and many others. I have given talks on race boat designing in most of the engineering clinics held in various parts of the country. I held the Northwest Racing Championship for 18 years. Mr. Sayres has yet to operate a boat in competition. The A.P.B.A. records will bear me out on this, or check with any racing driver in the country.

Sayres and I had an agreement prior to building the Mos that I would have the only say on anything that went into the boats.

My desire now is that you, in your magazine, rectify this error in as conspicuous a manner as you printed the erroneous information. This is important to me as it is all I have to show for my efforts.

Thanks for listening

TED O. JONES

Kaw Kaw Lim, Mich.

• Says Slo-Mo owner Stan Sayres: "I never claimed credit as the designer of the Slo-Mos, nor have I ever posed as a designer. Jones always has fully and publicly received credit from me as the designer. I regret exceedingly that the article failed to make that clear."

SI had no intention of slighting designer Jones who, however, errs in claiming to have done all test and race driving in 1950 and '51. Driver Loe Pageol won the 1950 Harnsworth Trophy (while Jones was nursing a broken hand) and the 1951 Gold Cup. Ted Jones is correct in stating that Stan Sayres has yet to operate a boat in competition. But "Jones seems to have forgotten," says Sayres, "that on Sept. 2, 1951 he and I competed against each other in a match race at Vancouver, Jones driving the Slo-Mo IV in the first heat, and I taking it over for the second. His time was 90.8 mph and mine was 99.4." Sayres continues: "Most misleading are Jones's statements bearing on the contract between us. It is flatly incorrect to say that the agreement gave him 'the only say on anything that went into the boats.'"—ED.



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All sorts of sports things make wonderful Christmas gifts—tennis rackets, baseball gloves, sleds, skis, sweaters and jackets, fishing rods, a box of golf balls, and on and on. No matter what you pick, a sports gift is bound to carry with it the good spirits which the Christmas season and the world of sports share in common.

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